

The TATLER

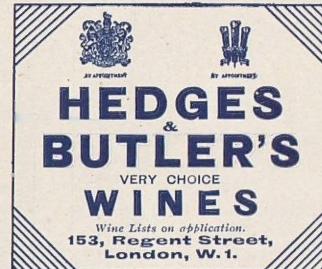
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London, September 2, 1931

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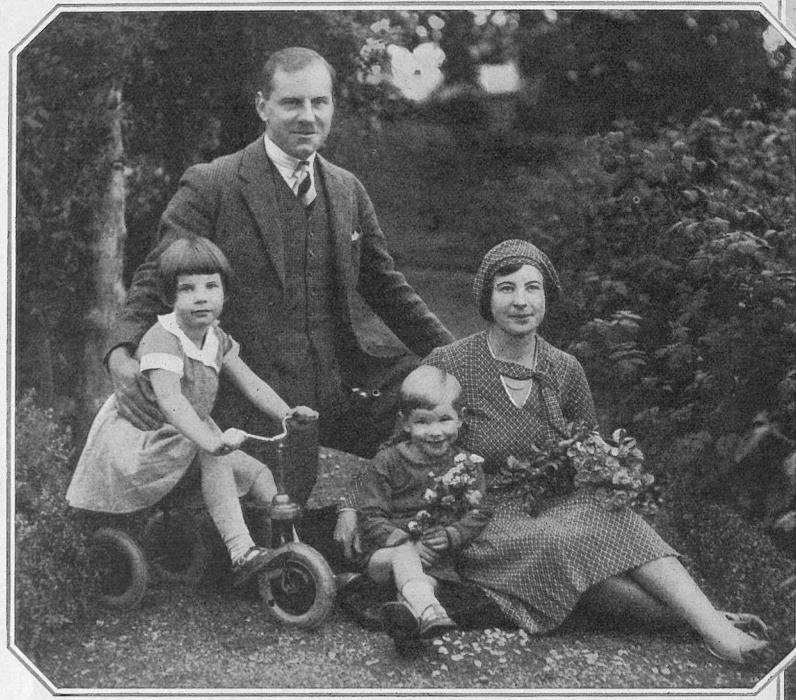


MISS TERESA JUNGMAN

Dorothy Wilding, Old Bond Street

A recent and most attractive picture of the second of the two daughters of Mr. Nico Jungman. The elder daughter, Zita, married Mr. Arthur James, a son of the Hon. Robert James and the late Lady Evelyn James, a daughter of the Duke of Wellington. The Hon. Robert James is a brother of Lord Northbourne, and married as his second wife Lady Serena Lumley

The Letters of Eve



IN THE LONDONDERRY AIR: SIR BASIL AND LADY MCFARLAND AND THEIR CHILDREN

A recent snapshot at Sir Basil McFarland's seat, Aberfoyle, Londonderry. Lady McFarland is also Ulster as she is the daughter of the late Mr. Andrew Henderson of Whiteabbey, Belfast. The children are John and Maureen. Sir Basil McFarland is an ex-Irish Rugger International 1922 and 1923. His school was Bedford—a good nursery for Rugger specialists

STIRRING times my dear! But it's reassuring to have this grand National Government standing up to the obstacles to peace and plenty. Let's hope they'll be safely negotiated; a stiffish course, though, isn't it, for all of us? Still, as a nation, we have proved our "Mr. Britling" qualities in the past, and our "flexible genius for adaptation," as "The Morning Post" so admirably phrases it, must and will see us through.

With so much toward I felt an urge to discover for myself how London was standing the strain, so have come south for the moment at any rate. I was quickly rewarded by the sight of Mr. Thomas slipping round the corner from the Savoy's Embankment entrance in search of a taxi where no taxi has ever been known to lurk. He looked remarkably well.

* * *

Amongst those who have been recalled to London, not for political reasons, but merely because their allowance

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W. 1



AT POURVILLE POLO GROUND

A group taken just before the battle. The Hon. Harry Hermon-Hodge, a son of Lord Wyfold, is on the left, and Colonel Smallwood, Mrs. Crookshank, and Lady Robertson are amongst the others who fill the picture

AT NORTH BERWICK: LADY CECILY VESEY

The weather up on the Forth, let us hope, will be better in September than it has been in August, when it was nothing to write a song about. Lady Cecily Vesey is the wife of the Hon. Thomas Vesey, Lord de Vesci's brother, and a daughter of Lord and Lady Kenmare

of holiday has come to an end, are Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Jenkinson. They are installed at 18, Tite Street, which they have taken on a twenty-year lease, and Mr. Jenkinson applies himself with daily diligence to the City where he is doing rather well. Like his brother Bobbie he is tall but much broader in build.

His wife has a lovely figure and generally manages to look sunburnt, perhaps because they go every summer to one or other of Sir James Dunn's villas on the Riviera. She was a Dunn originally you know, and then Mrs. Hubert Duggan for a short time.



Mrs. Dudley Ward hasn't gone away yet as she is superintending the arrangements for her new house. She really has a talent for decoration, and always finds a ready buyer when she tires of her abode. I expect she needs a larger one than her last in Avenue Road now that she has a daughter coming out next season and another one not far behind. Such an engaging couple they are too: "Pempie" with her white lock of hair, and "Angie" dark and piquante.

Writing of white locks reminds me of Lady Anglesey, who owns a most ravishing curl of this nature. She has been having relays of friends at her pleasant home, Plas Newydd. Her lovely daughter, Caroline, is so popular, and besides this obvious "draw" there is a swimming pool in the handy sea complete with every known contraption, such as "chutes" and rings and bars.

* * *

Also across the Menai Straits lies Sir Michael Duff-Assheton-Smith's home, and he always collects all the gayest and most attractive people to stay with him. Lady Arlington and Lady Ancaster have both been there lately, and so has Lady Juliet Duff, who acts as hostess for her son. She has not been doing much of late, as she was rather severely burnt while having her hair waved; we all know about *il faut souffrir*, etc., but few people have been forced to translate the proverb into such literal terms. Red hot, I call it.

* * *

The popular success that Princess Ileana and her handsome husband have been having in London will come as no surprise to those who knew her when she was at Heathfield, for she has not lost one whit of the infectious high spirits so noticeable during her school-days. However, I do hope that she will listen to the entreaties of her friends and not allow her love of adventure to propel her across the Atlantic by air.

When the Princess made her first appearance at Heathfield, Queen Marie of Rumania went down to see her daughter safely installed. Great doings with curtseys, of course, but that even such a Royal occasion left the school matron unmoved was



MRS. GORDON SKENE, MRS. POWLET, AND MAJOR-GENERAL SIR REGINALD BARNES

Some more well-known people at the Devon and Exeter "chases." Sir Reginald Barnes, originally 4th Hussars, then 10th, and also I.Y. in South Africa, has had as many holes shot in him as the next man. He got a bad one v. Brer Boer and two more v. Germany. He was at one time a very famous polo back.

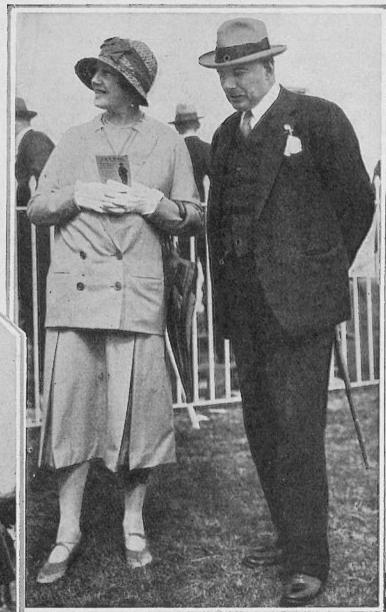
Ku Klux Klan costume, as did other Locker-Lampson car the "Yellow Peril," which as someone said got less yellow and more perilous every day.

Our distinguished visitor has one or two rather unusual accomplishments. She can tell a remarkably good ghost story in almost any European language, and she used to be able to blow water between her front teeth in the most intriguing fashion. This turn was, however, reserved exclusively for bathing parties.



MAJOR AND MRS. HARVEY

Are two more who were at the same meeting. Major Harvey is the member for Totnes and has held the seat since 1922. He went from Eton into the Militia and eventually to the K.D.G.s., and was with them till 1922.



AT THE 'CHASING IN DEVON: MRS. GARRATT AND LORD SIDMOUTH

A jump meeting coupled with a bit of ground frost o' nights and packs of hounds starting cubbing, makes things look very like "Goodbye, summer"—we not having had any that you would notice. Lord Sidmouth's seat is Upottery, Honiton, Devon

evident when her firm voice was heard insisting, "And now, dear child, you'll have your supper and go *straight* to bed."

* * *

I recall the distinction Princess Ileana, at sixteen, lent to an otherwise plebeian carnival at Cromer when she was staying at Newhaven Court, which was run by Commander Oliver Locker-Lampson for the amusement of friends. An almost perfect habitation, by the way, though a prominent M.P.'s wife, taking exception to a midnight game of Rugger played with a melon outside her bedroom door, remarked somewhat aspishly that the place was more like an nursery than a hotel. Besides being the carnival's queen the Princess wore ticket sellers, and toured the streets in the

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

Cup for the best rider in the children's class. The girls retaliated when the junior jumping was carried off by Sir Francis and Lady Brooke's small daughter. She has a good lead in this line from her family, for they are all as nearly Centaurs as makes no matter.

* * *

Lord Holmpatrick was urging all and sundry to make post entries in the various events, and his wife arrived latish with her mother, Lady Conyngham, and Miss Greta Cameron.

Major Kirkwood and Mr. Gerald Chaytor worked like blacks all day, having undertaken all the tricky organizing details. Mr. Chaytor will be much lamented when he goes off to Egypt this month. He is tremendous across country, and during his leave is Will Fitzsimons' right hand with the Meath. Mrs. Victor Parr brought off a fine victory with him in the ball and bucket race. She looked enchanting in jodhpurs and a bright red jersey, and having ignorantly assessed her at about fifteen summers, you get a bit of a shock when hearing about husband and daughter, though the latter is only six months old.

Captain Tommy Arnott, on leave from India, is as hopelessly popular here as in Leicestershire, where he hunts when martial plans permit. He was one of the most aggressive members of the losing side when the final of the Ladies' Cup was played after the Gymkhana. The desperate efforts made by him and his famous uncle, Mr. "Maxie" Arnott (who had, incidentally, won two races at Baldydey that day), were probably due to the most encouraging language of Sir Lingard Goulding!

* * *

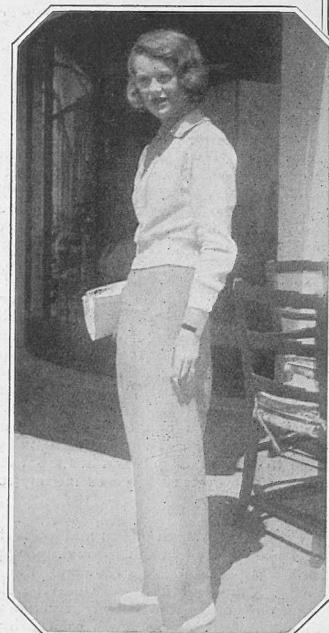
Reverberations of the "whoopees" made at Dunecht when Mr. John Pearson came of age still reach us. No one remotely connected with the family failed to be present except Lady Cowdry, who, no doubt exhausted by preliminaries, "ran out" to Italy and Le Touquet.

Lady Patricia Hare has been at Dunecht for some time and her brother John as well. To meet, he seems to be of considerable age and great discretion, though actually only twenty. This is probably because he went straight to New York from Eton in order to imbibe American business methods. Their brother is Lord Listowel's heir, but when at Cambridge, Socialistic views made him renounce his title of "Lord Ennismore." This year, however, he has taken to it again. Most confusing.

* * *

The Drury-Lowe baby has started early getting "talked about." But what can you expect when his mother and father have so many genuine friends. One of these describes them as being absolutely "over the moon with it," which, I think, is rather a delicious expression.

Choosing godparents must be a specially difficult job for them, but when master Patrick is shortly christened from his Derbyshire home, Lady Dufferin and Miss Nancy Mitford are two who will support him



LADY ASHLEY AT EDEN-ROCK

The beautiful young wife of Lord Ashley, who is the Earl of Shaftesbury's son and heir, Cap d'Antibes, as is only to be expected, is quite full—there being not much warmth elsewhere in the world at the moment of going to press

in spirit if not in body. The latter is large, though only a few weeks old, and topped up with masses of dark hair.

* * *

Another wisp of news from North Berwick is that Lord Wemyss has, according to his usual custom, cleverly let his house, Gosford, in two halves. More cunning still, he will continue to occupy the section taken by Captain and Mrs. Evan Charteris, Mrs. Leo Rothschild and Mrs. Arthur Sassoon being the other semi-detached tenants.

There is an incurable bias towards this neighbourhood just now. Princess Helena Victoria is due to go and stay with Sir Courtauld Thompson at Gullane soon, and Sir Harry Stonor is also on his way in that direction.



MADAME CARUSO

The widow of the great tenor, snapshotted at Cap d'Antibes. Madame Caruso is an American. Herr Tauber's is the only voice which since Caruso's death bears any comparison with that of the great singer

In spite of the political troubles which have fallen to Germany's lot, Munich is doing a good trade in visitors from all accounts. Lord Rosse and his young brother, Desmond Parsons, have been there, also the David Tennants, who looked in on their way to Salzburg. They have become quite travel maniacs since their three months' voyage through Central Europe and Greece with Mr. and Mrs. Dick Wyndham.

I'm told that Mrs. Tennant is contemplating a return to the stage. How nice for us. And I also hear that Mr. Stephen Tennant, who has been ill for ages at his home in Wiltshire, is really better at last. Good.

* * *

Despatches from Le Touquet say that it is pretty full, but has been hideously cold. Of course its close proximity to London will always ensure its popularity. Lord Rosslyn is there, cheerful as ever, and reported to be in winning vein. Lady Chesham, too, has had several late sittings at the tables. The two Scheftel brothers gamble with as much ardour as they play golf and, let us hope, as successfully.

Lord and Lady Dudley have their villa always packed with friends and acquaintances. They really are public benefactors in this respect, and Le Touquet has good reason to be grateful to them.

* * *

The happy return of the promenade concerts is one of the compensations attendant on the shrinking days. To the less musically minded the reappearance of partridges and oysters on the menu and the prospect of cub-hunting also serve to encourage a *souvenir d'automne*.

Sir Henry Wood and his merry men (and women) never fail to fill the Queen's Hall, and when Beethoven provides the score, as happens on Fridays, numbers of disappointed would-be listeners have to be turned away. I went to the Wagner evening last week, and it really was grand.

I noticed that delightful person, General Clive, there. He adores music and plays the piano beautifully. His daughter, if you remember, was married in July to Major Richard Lyttelton. Mrs. Clive was a Buxton, which reminds me that I heard a nice story about a very young member of that clan the other day. The small person concerned was staying away from home and woke up to hear tremendous snores emerging from a neighbouring bed-room. "Nannie, Nannie," he called tremulously, "might there be a bear in the house?" Rather sweet, don't you think?—Yours, EVE,

WHAT THE CAMERA SEES

A FAMILY PARTY AT CRAIGENDINNIE, ABOYNE *J. Bissell*

In the above group the Dowager Lady Glentanar is seen at her Scottish home with her daughter, Lady Doura, her grand-children, Lord Mornington and Lady Anne Wellesley, and (on the right) Sister Agnes. Miss Agnes Keyser, who is beloved by all the countless officers patients who have come under her care, has a splendidly young spirit, and is an asset to any house party. The snapshot below was taken during the luncheon interval on the Glen Artney Moors, which Mr. H. Pulitzer is shooting this year, having rented Drummond Castle from Lord Ancaster. Mr. Winn is Lord St. Oswald's brother. Miss Nancy Pritchard, who has been adding to the gaiety of Le Touquet, is the attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Pritchard of Lennox Gardens



MR. GEOFFREY ACKROYD, MISS NANCY PRITCHARD, AND MRS. ALEX WILSON ON GOLFING BENT AT LE TOUQUET

THE HON. CHARLES AND MRS. WINN IN PERTHSHIRE *Arthur Owen*

THE PICNIC PARTY SPIRIT

As expressed by Mr. Anthony Lowther, Lady Maureen Stanley, and her brother, Lord Castlereagh. The only son of the First Commissioner of Works in the National Cabinet is engaged to Miss Romaine Combe

The Cinema

At the Plaza

By JAMES AGATE

THUGDOM is the rage. Every picture we see these days seems more or less directly concerned with somebody's bumping-off. Look at the Plaza's recent programmes and say, if you can, where these violent delights can have any ending. *City Streets* was produced with superb competence and even a hint or two of imagination. Here a young person, played by Miss Sylvia Sydney, who is too concerned with good acting to worry at all about good looks, went to prison under suspicion of having bumped-off a bumping-off baron, and was visited there by Mr. Gary Cooper in a fur-coat which he had earned at racketeering since he saw her last. There was no Isabella-guff about this young person. In film psychology there appears to be an axiom that an idea which becomes too fixed eventually unhinges the mind which harbours it! This is what happened to the mind of this heroine. With the conviction that Mr. Cooper was about to be murdered she put a dainty pocket-pistol into her handbag and went round to the baron's apartment to bargain for her lover's life with the assurance that that process would involve fighting for her honour. She knew as well as if she had heard Jack Barty say so on the halls that the girl who habitually fights for her honour can't always win. When the baron became shot Mr. Cooper providentially appeared, and though he frowned at the young person's presence and was not at first disposed to look upon it as a case of anything like measure for measure, he soon remembered his easy graces and kissed the young person before handing her over to the police and going off to try his hand at racketeering as aforesaid. All this may not seem very lucid, but a good deal of inaudible whispering goes on in the racketeer drama which does not make for lucidity, any more than do the murky settings in which bumping-offs so often occur. In our own city streets we have nothing to set against scenes like these, unless possibly the Adelphi Arches. In the course of this film Mr. Cooper deflected his considerable poise to the execution of some crack shooting, both at things and at people, and won all hearts by the ease with which he threatened sudden death through the pocket of his dinner-jacket to some less scrupulous and less handsome co-mates and brothers in crime. What a world! "The citizens of New York close their books and lock their chests; the mariners of Boston drop their anchors and unlade; the scribe of Pennsylvania casts his pen upon the earth; the builder of Virginia throws his hammer down in fear." Thus wrote strange William Blake in his strange poem, "America: a Prophecy," a hundred and fifty years ago. But we ought to be reminded rather of insects than of archangels, and indeed I have been looking in Fabre in quest of something as low as this door-step killing business, this crude, artless sub-bestial murdering at which America seems so complacently undismayed. I was unable to find anything so low in Fabre. There are, it is true, the Burying Beetles which mutually exterminate one another when once they have fed and bred on the dead rat they have buried under the soil. But these beetles, though they have points in common such as the blackness of their mandibles, seem handsome and intelligent fellows in comparison with the Gunners and Kids and Stubbys of Chicago, the murder-in-the-home experts. The beetles disapproved even of Fabre observing their purposes and they at least did their own dirty work, whereas the gangsters' notion of a game is to drop an obscure hint to a beetle-browed underling that with some diner a quarrel shall be picked with a toothpick, as it were, and a swift shot end him then and there.

We had the elevating spectacle all over again last week at the same cinema. I confess that I was not present at the murder with which *The Lawyer's Secret* began its gradual and exciting course. But it was certainly an arranged, racketeering sort of murder which had a bare minimum of motive or provocation. This was the way of my missing it. There was a great audience and difficulty in finding any kind of seat. I had, in fact, to linger awhile in a foyer regaled by the distant roar of Rachmaninoff's most rampageous Prelude, whereby I understood from a glance at my programme that a young female dancer was staggering about the Plaza stage surrounded by her own distraught, Siberian hair, and that a young male dancer, blinded with knouts and what not, was prancing in similar mood with his elbow before his eyes. The Prelude's last chord was scarce



IN "LOVE LIES": MISS DOROTHY BOYD

The young British International film star, who is in the talkie version of the musical comedy, "Love Lies," which had a good time at the Gaiety. The film goes to the London Pavilion very shortly

over when I was jostled into a seat. Yet in that second or two the crime in *The Lawyer's Secret* had been committed and a young sailor was running away from the scene of it, eventually borrowing a motor-car to get back to his ship the quicker. It presently appeared that a winsome young lady, who lived in a large and very open house, had a nervous brother who knew a great deal about the murder, and that her fiancé, a lawyer, had been given to know as much. The sailor-boy was in any case arrested for, as the law always agrees, people who have committed a little crime, have in all probability committed a bigger one as well. A demure young woman who loved this sailor-boy had got it into her head that the lawyer alone could save him, and so she went to the winsome young woman's house where the lawyer apparently hired chambers. She found the house at its most open. For a moment we feared indeed, when a party was disclosed in full and nasal swing, that something like the opening chorus of a musical comedy was about to break out. But fortunately the winsome young lady was most sympathetic and asked the lawyer, who was the only male at the party, to take the demure young woman into her library. The lawyer declined to touch the case. When the demure young woman had fearfully gone, the winsome one, as goes without saying, made it her business to know what was all this about; and the nervous brother, thinking the cat was out of the bag, also threw the fat into the fire by interrupting the pumping scene and accusing the lawyer of betraying his confidence. The sailor-boy, meanwhile, was sentenced to death, and a moment of genuine emotion was engineered at this point, not so much by Mr. Richard Arlen's blank charm as by careful producing and the ageless appeal of the circumstance. We had still more of the real thing, and the real sob in a secondary and final trial scene where the nervous brother, sensitively played by Mr. Charles Rogers in the scared manner of our own Mr. Frederick Paisley when he has been and done some capital offence, confessed, and was tried and sent to prison for a year for knowing so very much about that murder. The actual culprit had been discovered as a result of an amusing piece of craft by the demure young woman assisted by two further sailors and a terrified negro who had previously been instructed "not to know nuffink" about the murder. I next sat through a seemingly endless comedy on the subject, of course, of gangsters who in this case assembled in an attorney's office. My set purpose throughout this vigil was to see the opening of *The Lawyer's Secret*. But I had forgotten that dancing interlude and that prelude, and the hackneyed din being announced once again with crimson glare and crapulous curtain I forgot my duty and fled. Let it be added that *The Lawyer's Secret* is excellent melodrama, and is produced with that slickness which appears to be the regular despair of all our own plodding little studios. It is indeed good news that Paramount, which is responsible for both these major films, is about to produce one in England. It is a still better piece of news, just come to hand as I write, that forty thousand people have foregathered in New York in indignation of the gang-slaughter of two children, and have obliged the police to take immediate steps towards the suppression of gang warfare. Let them have as little mercy as a moderately plucky cook would show to cock-roaches in her kitchen.

BROWN JACK'S DAY AT YORK



MOTHER AND DAUGHTER: LADY GRANT-LAWSON AND MISS GRISELDA GRANT-LAWSON



LADY FLORENCE WILLOUGHBY AND LADY CHESTERFIELD CONGRATULATE SIR HAROLD WERNHER



THE HON. PHYLLIS ASTOR AND LORD FEVERSHAM



MRS. CHARLESWORTH AND LADY NUNBURNHOLME (right)



TOWARDS THE PADDOCK: THE HON. MRS. FITZALAN-HOWARD AND LORD KILMOREY



THE HON. GWENDOLEN MEYSEY-THOMPSON AND (on the right) LADY ALICE SCOTT

It would not be far from the truth to say that Brown Jack is the most popular horse in training, and when, carrying top weight, he and Steve Donoghue easily won the Ebor Handicap for Sir Harold Wernher, the crowd cheered itself hoarse. The gallant old fellow had his ears pricked and by the race won two hundred yards from the finish, and he appeared to enjoy thoroughly the subsequent acclamation. His owner was, naturally, besieged by congratulators, two of them being Lady Chesterfield and Lady Florence Willoughby. The weather for Ebor day at York was fine enough to encourage the reappearance of a few thin frocks. Miss Grant-Lawson, whose brother, Sir Peter, rides with success between the flags, looked very summery and was topped up with a tricorn. Lady Astor's daughter and Lady Nunburnholme had also chosen this new hatting to complete their jersey suitings. The Hon. Gwendolen Meysey-Thompson is Lord Knaresborough's youngest daughter, and Mrs. Albany Charlesworth was Miss Diana Beckett before her marriage. Lord Feversham is Joint Master with Major Gordon Foster of the Slinnington

RACING RAGOUT: "GUARDRAIL"

ONE hears every now and then in conversation talk in bated breath of some fabulous coup brought off on a race, but those who have had a try at it will be inclined to be sceptical. Not that large amounts are not won over classic races—races at Ascot, the Eclipse, the big handicaps, and races where there is ante-post betting, but barring Epsom and one or two other meetings the market is nowadays so weak that any coup must be brought off on s.p. wires that don't reach their destination till after the race. The book-maker is a suspicious individual, and while you can work the wires on him once, whether you win or whether you lose, should he suspect it to be a job, your telegraphic facilities will probably be removed. This is one of the first difficulties. The horse for the job at the right price is the next. The public, or rather the Solons, Augurs, Hotspurs, and the touts who give them their information, are not fools, nor is the handicapper, and it is more than difficult to produce something really "dark." There are, of course, ways and means, but you and I wouldn't stoop to those as our explanation might not be accepted. I am not counting the "sledge-hammer to kill a butterfly" method of betting a fortune at 7 to 4 on a coup, but the unsuspected "100 to 6 others" with the same amount in hand, the same amount won and a tenth of the money invested.

So many coups come unstuck that betting at odds on or evens cannot pay in the end. Having, we'll say, got the right horse for the job handicapped right, or running well below his class, fit as a flea and yet entirely unsuspected, who's going to ride him? Presumably the boy that has ridden him before, and let's hope he is reliable, dumb, or has no friends, nor have any of the lads in the stable. Leakage is almost as impossible to stop as a spring. However, the way he has been worked at home no one could fancy him, his name doesn't appear in the market, he's never been better in his life, the going suits him, and the idea is that with £100 to a cigar laid against him he should never be headed, and win in a canter by six lengths without ever causing a moment's anxiety.

Putting on one side the bad luck of the race, being slowly away, bumped, baulked, beat out of sight, and found to be developing a cough, etc., etc., something always seems to go wrong. The most common thing is, of course, some sort of leakage, and it is extraordinary how quickly any hint is taken. Miss S o - a n d - S o , who generally knows her business and bets in ones, has a fiver on it, which causes some "head" to "ave ten score o r f of Issy," others follow the lead, or "the blower" backs it for a little and the price comes tumbling down.



GOOD LUCK ON THE 9TH—MR. J. A. DEWAR

The owner of the Leger favourite, that game and beautifully-turned colt, Cameronian. He has won the Guineas and Derby, and the triple crown looks to be in sight

A personal and authentic case over which the angels are still weeping came unstuck through the carelessness of the trainer who, talking to someone while weighing out, omitted to claim a 7 lb. allowance. Carrying 7 lb. too much we were beat half a length with a "monkey" each way at 100 to 7 and, to rub salt into the deepest depth of the wound, we were fined a fiver for carrying the wrong weight.

Managing to sell a more than moderate horse I once had to a friend who carries out the formula of placing oneself in the best company and one's horses in the worst more meticulously than anyone I know, he found a "stone ginger" for this one. At a small hunt meeting, where the *bonhomie* and lunch are a feature,

for this fair plater to beat half-a-dozen horses, too slow to whip in beagles, over two miles of fences at 5 to 1, was corban, manna from heaven.

Right in front of the judge's box stretched a line of "dolls" to prevent the horses missing a fence the first time round. These were then to be removed to allow them to "run in" on the flat the second time round. I have mentioned the super-excellence of the lunch, and such was its effect on all ranks that not even the judge blinking behind a large Upman observed that the "dolls" had not been removed. The "job" winning by some fifty yards suddenly found himself unable to pass the judge's box owing to the line of "dolls." So far in front was he that he had time to turn round and try to jump them, but the horse refused. As all the other horses also refused when they came up, no one completed the course, and amid scenes of great confusion the race was declared void. One can't legislate for that any more than, having gone a banco on one's horse ridden by a friend, he is seen to be riding a finish like a fat policeman, to be beaten a length; subsequent investigation revealing that he had backed the winner. Sometimes, however, they do turn up, and what is sweeter than the Monday cheques for £160 to £10, even if they are accompanied by a note to the effect that in future "your business will be accepted by telephone only"?



A PADDOCK PERSONALITY—MR. ERNEST BELLANEY

A familiar figure to all who go the round of the meetings. Mr. Bellaney's registered colours are: Cerise, black-hooped sleeves, light blue cap

SPECIAL OCCASIONS IN SCOTLAND AND CHESHIRE



AT GARTMORE HOUSE, PERTHSHIRE: SIR AUGUST CAYZER'S FAMILY PARTY

John Wilson

A group including Sir August Cayzer's brother, Sir Herbert Cayzer, Lady Cayzer, Miss Molly Cayzer, and her cousins, Miss Heather Cayzer, Mr. Nicholas Cayzer, and Mr. Bernard Cayzer, Mr. and Mrs. Curtis, Miss Anderson, Miss Burrell, and Miss Gevers. Delayed celebrations of the twenty-first birthday of Sir August Cayzer's elder son, Nicholas, were the cause of the party.



Balmain

MRS. IAN KARSLAKE

One of the people playing daily golf at North Berwick. She has been staying at St. Buldred's Tower



COLONEL AND MRS. J. A. INNES

Balmain



PURSUING CHESHIRE GROUSE ON COLONEL RAMSDEN-JODRELL'S MOORS

A snapshot taken on Taxal Moors, where Colonel and Mrs. Ramsden-Jodrell's guests have been having fair sport in spite of the poor season. This particular party consists of Sir Randolph and Lady Baker, Admiral and Mrs. Stapleton-Cotton, Sir William Bromley-Davenport, Sir Philip Brocklehurst, Colonel Valentine Vivian, Colonel William Wyndham, Colonel Ramsden-Jodrell, Miss Barbara Ramsden-Jodrell and Colonel Carruthers. Mrs. Stapleton-Cotton and Mrs. Ramsden-Jodrell are sisters. Colonel Innes and his wife (see left) were photographed at North Berwick where they have a house called Inchgarry. Mrs. Innes is related to Lord Macclesfield, through her grandmother, Lady Adelaide Dawnay

With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING

The Gentle Art of Being Still.

ALLOW people to live exactly as they prefer is an excellent motto to carry through life in your heart as well as to hang up as an illuminated text over your bed if need be. So long as the life they prefer doesn't interfere with the life I myself prefer, I always think it is most interesting, as well as amusing, to watch what people do with their lives, and especially to listen to the kind of life which they protest they would like to lead if . . . and if . . . and if . . . From those who seek to qualify for the Next World by entirely withdrawing themselves from this one, to those who live entirely for this one and let the Next take care of itself, there are a million-and-one choices and each is an aspect of some inner truth, since truth too has a million-and-one facets; or, perhaps it would be wiser to add, a million-and-one modifications. The trouble with humanity in the bulk, however, is that they are always hoisting their own individual flags and going out to do battle with those who also have their own ideas concerning what constitutes the banner of righteousness. If only we could close all parliaments, place the entire armies and navies of the world on half-pay, dethrone preachers and agitators from their pulpits and tubs, black-out all but the happier items in newspapers, and make back-biting and slandering and profiteering criminal offences, we could surely imagine that we were awaking in Heaven to-morrow morning. As it is we live from one anxiety to another, from one dread to another, from one horror to another, from one angry and determined proselyte to another. It is all so wearisomely tiresome, and yet they ask us to go down upon our knees for the immeasurable benefit of having been born! One has to have a great sense of humour, a supreme faculty of perceiving the ridiculous within the over-serious, to prevent us from going gaily and with the lightest heart towards the grave! I dare say that, in another world and if there be another life, we shall look down and look back and laugh a very great deal. For have we not been planked down in a world as beautiful as even Heaven can ever be, our one inner yearning for peace and happiness, both of which should be quite easily possible if pain be omitted, and yet the world never achieves either both together; or rarely one at a time, so rarely, in fact, that we expect to pay dearly for peace as well as for happiness almost immediately we are blessed. Thus one is forced to the conclusion that something is so profoundly wrong with human nature somewhere that unconsciously one takes off one's hat to the jackass, who would at least enjoy his life if he were left alone. Let alone and left alone seem indeed to become more and more as two beautiful states of sanctuary the older we grow. And, such become our modest demands of happiness at last, that they appear to be the same thing. At least, I can conceive of no life more miserable than that of the person who cannot claim as his, or her, individual right at least one room wherein he can at certain hours of the day cultivate the gentle art of being still. Outside that sanctuary, in the world at large, it has become well-nigh a defunct art; alas! you will find a million men and women who can seemingly chatter without ceasing and for ever, to one who can be still without becoming bored. And where there is ceaseless chatter there is always warfare sooner or later, be it only one man decrying another. The ideal of success, as it is now interpreted, has become too clearly a multitude of nonentities standing on tubs fighting for the limelight. We must justify our existence, not by *being* something but by *doing* something. The result, of course, is a perfect hubbub of frustrated ambitions. So that the woman who has been divorced by five husbands, and whose sixth already wears a worried look, can easily wake up to find herself famous, when in reality she is just

a poor matrimonial joke. Nowadays everybody seems to feel as if they must stand out or die. Some even die in an effort to stand out. If you can't achieve a record by flying upside down for the longest distance, then you must play up to a smaller audience and wear pyjamas in the City. We acclaim the exhibitionist. It does not matter much if what we do has been done ten million times before. If it be the first time we ourselves have done it, the whole world must know about it at once; or, at least, so much of that world as can in a metaphorical sense see clearly into our own back-yard.

* * *

The Old Theme.

Just as most young people believe when they are in love that nobody has ever loved so deeply before as they love now, so most people of any age imagine that their experiences, so far as they went, have been unique. Otherwise there could surely not be written so many novels which had for their *motif* merely the story of a man who made a poor choice in his wife but loved later on, as he feels convinced he never loved before, the girl who becomes his mistress. The author must know that such a theme is as a challenge to every dissatisfied husband and to every woman who feels that the wife of the man she loves has never, cannot, nor ever will be able to understand him like she does. If they don't provide you with a secret opportunity to compare it would be hard to discover exactly why 90 per cent. of present-day novels are ever written? They tell us nothing new. The characters are types rather than human beings and, as types, quite as obvious as a Guinness advertisement. If the scene is laid in some outlandish place we are thankful. If the author puts his foot through an expanse of thin ice we are thrilled (if he doesn't, then there seems no other reason for writing his book as he has written it). They don't give us a picture of life or, if they do, it is such a small, unimportant patch of it and so conventionally conceived that there is more reality to be found by looking out of a window. In fact, if more people who write novels did look out of windows and in the right way they would tell us a great deal more than they do. As it is they seem too often to peep inside a drawing-room, go to a cocktail-party, leave the bedroom door ajar—and write a book. And so it was with real relief that I read Alfred Neumann's grim, uncomfortable story, "The Hero" (Martin Secker. 7s. 6d.). It is the tale of a political murder in which, however, there is little about politics; the murder is of



Lentara

MISS BAPSY PAVRY

The beautiful and clever daughter of the Parsi High Priest, Miss Pavry, who has many friends in this country and hopes to pay it another visit early next year, holds the degree of Master of Arts. She has written a charming book, "The Heroines of Ancient Persia," and is now hard at work on a second literary effort



MR. AND MRS. ALAN COLMAN

On board their yacht, "Pinta," in which they have recently been cruising from the Clyde to Northern Ireland and Anglesey, weathering a severe storm en route. Earlier in the summer "Pinta" conveyed them round the north coast of Scotland. Mrs. Colman is Lady Stratheona's twin, and few people can tell them apart

(Continued on p. 398)

A ROUND-ABOUT WAY

By George Belcher, A.R.A.



She : I don't trust nobody in this village. They're alright to your face and then they goes and cuts your throat behind your back

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

secondary importance, but the psychological result of the crime in the mind of the murderer one, nevertheless, of penetrating morbidity without, however, once, becoming sickly. Again, if only for the scenes describing the life of a professional male dancer in a Berlin café, and for the character-study of his pathetic little partner, the girl "Ly," the novel is worth reading, because it seems to enlarge your knowledge of the world and presents an interesting study of human nature in frustration. Curiously enough, there seemed small motive behind the murder of the German Prime Minister by ex-officer Hubert Hoff. At least, the author does not seek to interest us in the motive, small as it is. What he concentrates our interest on is the reaction to the crime on the part of the murderer. This becomes in his hands a wonderful study in haunting remorse, a remorse which ultimately becomes madness. The strange fact is, however, that nobody will believe the murderer when he confesses his crime. Even the wife of the murdered man merely believes him to be insane. Yet only by making a confession and by expiating his crime does the wretched Hoff feel that the pangs of his conscience can be still, his crime, so to speak, vindicated. It seems difficult to believe that the truth did not eventually emerge all the same; and this, in spite of the suicide of another man under suspicion — also a victim of conscience over the murder of his wife—who, it is believed, committed the crime. Indeed, there are certain glaring improbabilities in the story which disappoint one; the novel, considered as a whole, being otherwise so grimly and impressively powerful. The fact remains, however, that Herr Neumann has given us at least three unusual pictures of human nature and of life. Hoff, the murderer; "Ly," the professional dancer, and the vivid description of a mind giving way under the unhealthy conditions of post-war life, aggravated by crime.

* * *

Thoughts from "The Hero."

"Everything is comprehensible. Understanding is the easiest thing on earth. If a man knows what suffering is, he can also recognize it—and do it justice."

"Life is a gift from God. So, too, is the memory of a life. One should not run away from it."

"Life is always mixing people up according to one or two time-honoured recipes, and mankind is so wonderfully gifted at forgetting that people always imagine they are something quite new whether they fall in love or in hate."

"A man can pity only when he has suffered himself."

"It is very difficult for men who have kicked over the traces of reason to be sure whether they are sound or sick."

* * *

The Return to Convention.

We return to convention, however, in Mr. Paul Bloomfield's novel, "The Moth of Holiness"! (The Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.), a story which is only saved from being rather dull by

the certain epigrammatic, clear-cut way in which it is written. It is the tale of the young literary man who married the wrong kind of girl (for him) and eventually left her to join forces with another young woman whose "bright" bravery towards life also hid understanding. All the characters, however, are types rather than human beings and, being merely types, it is hard to care a tinker's "cuss" for any of them. The wife is young, selfish, hard; the "other woman" young, unselfish, and sympathetic; the husband—well-meaning, earnest, singularly without much metaphorical back-bone. The action moves in front of what I can only call the duller side of the Bloomsbury intelligentsia. One tries hard to be interested in it all. The more thrilling parts are when the writer breaks into his story to write a small "essay" on various subjects, or when these same "essays" are broken up into dialogue form and so become discussions. A little more humour would, however, have worked wonders in a story which creates little suspense and is written around one of the more banal themes of modern life. Years ago when married men could break up their unhappy married lives only under the direst social penalties, it made desertion a much more dramatic incident in life. Today, nearly everybody seems to be leaving somebody, and so we have ceased to care, unless the desertion reveals a profound and moving human tragedy. This novel does not.

* * *

Thoughts from "The Moth of Holiness."

Birds of a feather
B are made to flock together even sometimes when they do not particularly want to."

To help God help those that help themselves is the best policy."

If you have some thousands a year you are not likely to be able to adjust yourself very well to the mentality of £500 a year or less."

* * *

A Very Readable Story

But the most easily readable story I have read this week is undoubtedly Marie van Vorst's "Good Night, Ladies" (Mills and Boon, 7s. 6d.). The not too critical reader will find it delightful. It is laid in the crinoline period, the background is for the most part the Southern States of America, and the action moves as swiftly as a talkie. In fact the novel is an example of the influence of the cinema on literature, and a very good example too. People fall in love, fall out of it, are ruined, reinstated, and generally experience the ups and downs of life within a few chapters. And yet the story is not completed! The characters are as clear-cut as coal and diamonds and as easy to recognize. One follows the fate of the beautiful Miss Ware, from affluence to governingness and from governingness to affluence and love, in the spirit of being really entertained. The style gives no opportunity for subtlety, but that doesn't matter. The book triumphs as a story—pleasantly amusing, pleasantly serious, pleasantly sentimental. A wet afternoon novel *par excellence*.



"Why didn't you stop when I signalled?"

"Well, it seemed such a pity to stop when it takes me three solid hours to get her started again"

AT THE PLAYHOUSES



IN "WALTZES FROM VIENNA": MR. DENNIS NOBLE AND MISS EVELYN HERBERT



On right—MR. C. V.
FRANCE (JOHANN
STRAUSS) AND MISS
MARIE BURKE
(COUNTESS OLGA)

Photographs by Eric Gray

"THE YOUNG IDEA": MISS ANN TREVOR
(GERDA) AND MR. ARTHUR MACRAE (SHOLTO)



Photographs by Sasse Photo Co.
MISS IRIS HOEY (JENNIFER), THE MUCH-TRIED
MOTHER

"Waltzes from Vienna" at the Alhambra, which London enjoys per favour of Sir Oswald Stoll in a beautifully reconstructed theatre, is the big boom of the autumn season, and is certain to be as popular when the new leaves come as it is now when the old leaves are thinking of going. It has sent London just as crazy as "White Horse Inn" did, and is a perfectly charming light opera based on the lives of the Straussses, father and son. The incident of how Johann the elder tried to stop Johann the younger writing music is perfectly true, and the story revolves more or less round this. "The Young Idea" revival at the St. Martin's this week appears to be something that the doctor ordered. Miss Ann Trevor was the original Gerda, who with Sholto, her brother, was one of two quite priceless young liars, but all in the good cause of bringing their parents together again, Jennifer being one of them. Mr. Coward played Sholto himself in 1923, and Miss Kate Cutler played Jennifer



SQUADRON-LEADER W. HOWARD DAVIES AND
FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT C. L. FALCONER

The Commanding Officer of No. 608 (B) Squadron, Auxiliary Air Force, with (right) his Adjutant. This County of York Bomber Squadron has its headquarters at Thornaby Hall, Thornaby-on-Tees, which is the scene of the greatest activity

Aerodromes for All.

IT is inevitable that, at this time, the attention of the aeronautically minded should be occupied mainly with Schneider Trophy speculations, with thoughts about the forty-five minutes' whizz-bang over the Solent on September 12; but many less dazzling flying activities are also worthy of note, among them the attempts that are being made in many parts of England to establish new aerodromes and landing grounds. Seaside resorts in particular are realizing that, if they wish to attract the holiday-makers of to-day and to-morrow, they must provide themselves with convenient landing grounds.

There is every indication that the holiday-maker is becoming more mobile. Instead of digging himself in and vieing with the vegetables; instead of developing a pleasure resort paresis and in persisting in the pursuit of the prone, the modern holiday-maker must be up and moving, sampling this and that, never staying anywhere long enough to qualify for a "permanent address."

Movement hath power to soothe the savage breast, and those who seek pleasure must rush between Cornwall and Carmarthen, Hamble and Hooton, Brooklands and Blackpool. Foot it feathery here and there is the mode of the minute, and every town, every village, every hotel, every club, every pub, every hydro, every resort, city, municipality, centre, area, district, county, beach, bay, inlet, island, eyot, *plage*, place, hamlet, and foreshore owning its own aerodrome has an advantage over all others whatsoever, be their amenities never so amenable, their gaieties never so gay, their amusements never so amusing.

So the aerodrome is not only essential to those places which are concerned in business but also to those which minister to pleasure. In Cornwall, I hear, steps are being taken to provide better aerodrome facilities in some parts. Some farmers, in districts where there are beautiful scenery, historical buildings, or other lures, are considering setting aside fields fit for aircraft to land in; one at least has already done so.

Meetings.

FOR this appreciation of the demand for aerodromes the numerous



PILOT OFFICERS IN TRAINING

Mr. Tony Wilson of Thornaby-on-Tees, Mr. J. L. Clayton of Wakefield, Mr. G. Ambler of Bradford, and Mr. T. H. Newhouse of Middlesbrough all belong to No. 608 (B) Squadron, Auxiliary Air Force. As will be seen, they are well equipped with parachutes

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

displays, pageants, and meetings must be thanked. At Scarborough a successful air pageant and rally was held recently, although a St. Swithin's special prevented many would-be visitors from arriving. Some of the events showed much imagination and skill in contriving, and no false pride was allowed to stand in the way of giving the spectators their fill of thrills. Next Saturday there is the pageant at the Norfolk and Norwich Club, and at the Newcastle-upon-Tyne Aero Club's meeting at Cramlington, which is taking place on the day I am writing these notes, the Grosvenor Cup Race will be held. Among the entrants are Mr. C. S. Napier, who did so well in the King's Cup Race, and Squadron Leader Robb, who will again be flying the Pobjoy-Swift. Lord Douglas Hamilton, Miss Winifred Brown, Mr. H. Lee, and Mr. Atcherley (the brother who flew in the King's Cup Race) are also entered.

Painted Slots.

THE news bulletin issued by the De Havilland Aircraft Company of Canada—in which one traces the hand of Mr. R. A. Loader, the general manager—often contains matter of great interest to private aeroplane owners. A short time ago it gave comparative figures for the running costs of a touring car and a Puss Moth which showed that, in the higher mileages, the aircraft comes out the better. This month it contains a useful safety tip from Mr. R. F. Stephenson, a Winnipeg owner-pilot. Mr. Stephenson has the inside or under-surfaces of the wing slots on his machine painted a brilliant red.

When the slots are closed in normal flight the red does not show; but when the aircraft is losing speed and the slots open, a danger signal is flashed to the pilot from each wing. This is a visual warning of loss of speed which should certainly be of value and which adds to the importance of the slots. My only criticism is that slots sometimes clash open and shut a great many times when flying at medium speeds through bad bumps. Inexperienced pilots might then be worried by the frequent showing of the danger signals. But this is a minor point and Mr. Stephenson's is one of those suggestions, comparable with the suggestion of the white lines on the roads, which is extremely simple and inexpensive and yet helps to add to safety.

"Tatler" Scholarships.

THE winners of THE TATLER Flying Scholarships in the various schools and clubs throughout Britain have been published from time to time with these notes, and after the Schneider Trophy race I hope to sum up the results of THE TATLER scheme and to attempt to assess what it has done in the provision of new pilots and in the stimulation of increases in flying club membership.

"International Air Guide."

ACOPY of the "International Air Guide" has been sent to me, and I shall hope in a future issue to deal fully with it. But it is a large work, and there are so many interleaved advertisements that it is difficult to discover quickly whether it may be recommended to private aeroplane owners. I shall hope to be able to examine it more carefully shortly and to include a critical note about it in these columns.

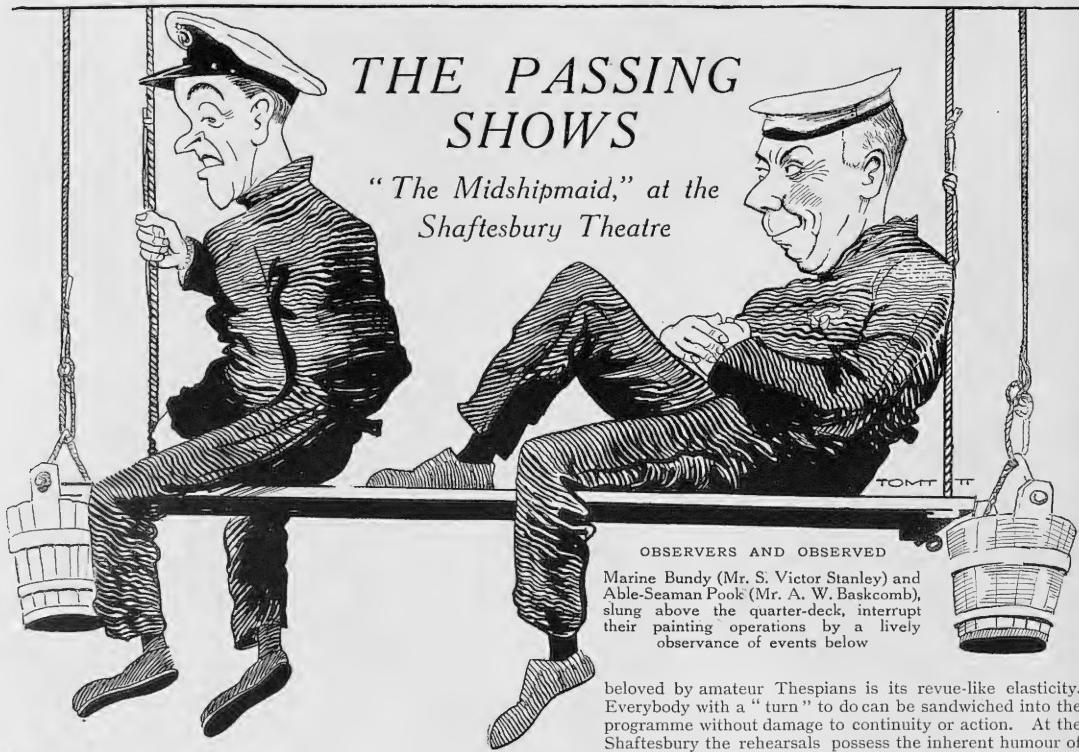
Another important aeronautical work with which I shall deal at length in the near future is "The Air Annual of the British Empire," which is edited by Squadron Leader Burge, and which appears this year in an enlarged form, with a section in French and Spanish at the end.



LADY PAMELA SMITH

A new art picture of the younger of the two daughters of the late Earl of Birkenhead, and a sister of the present peer, who is the only son. Lady Pamela Smith, who was born in the year of the outbreak of the Great War, is to be presented at one of next year's Courts. Her elder sister, Lady Eleanor Smith, has inherited a definite measure of her father's literary talent, and is the authoress of two quite above the average books, "The Red Waggon" and "Flamenço," the latter of which was serialized in one of our daily papers.

Photograph by Yevonde



Naval manoeuvres on the stage have about them a persistent quality of success. Pretty girls in summery frocks look well against a background of blue and gold. Heart-throbs and horn-pipes are handy things to have about the deck of a yacht, but put them on a man-o'-war and the trick, from the popular point of view, is as good as done. Those two good judges of a naval occasion, Mr. Ian Hay and Lieut.-Commander Stephen King-

Hall worked the oracle so successfully in *The Middle Watch* that the launching of *The Midshipmaid* is a natural corollary. The "Fun on a Battleship" theme is the very ensign to nail to the mast of the Shaftesbury. Every theatre should have a policy, and at this one the motto of hearty, homely fun—plenty to laugh at and nothing to shock—flourishes as bravely as the Union Jack which now flies over the box-office.

The Midshipmaid is one of those cheerful entertainments to which whole families may proceed *en masse* and come away rejoicing; its pinafore is of the right cut, even if the original pattern dates from the halcyon days of *The Pantomime Rehearsal*. The charm of that classic



The Commander (Mr. Basil Foster) "How do you like my uniform?" Celia (Miss Jane Baxter) "Not nearly so nice as my own"

OBSERVERS AND OBSERVED

Marine Bundy (Mr. S. Victor Stanley) and Able-Seaman Pook (Mr. A. W. Baskcomb), slung above the quarter-deck, interrupt their painting operations by a lively observance of events below

beloved by amateur Thespians is its revue-like elasticity. Everybody with a "turn" to do can be sandwiched into the programme without damage to continuity or action. At the Shaftesbury the rehearsals possess the inherent humour of such things in addition to the glamour of the *locale*. Sir Percy Newbiggin, M.P., sets the machinery in motion by arriving at Malta armed with an inquiring mind and the axe of economy. It is rather a blow to find Mr. Clive Currie in top-hat and frock-coat instead of the admiral's uniform which fitted him like a glove in *The Middle Watch*, but Sir Percy's snobbery and pomposity are in good hands. Mr. Currie has less to do than usual, but his intensity of eye and testy staccato are invaluable.

Sir Percy, of course, has a daughter (Miss Jane Baxter) with whom Commander Flossberry (Mr. Basil Foster) proceeds to fall in love with true naval despatch, despite the fact that the charmer is officially engaged to Lord Chinley. Late in the evening this scion of a noble house arrives in person armed with a wife. The Commander belatedly greets him as his own brother, and explains away the two f's in Flossberry as a change of name necessitated by a future title and fortune. This suits Sir Percy's match-making and political prospects, and all ends as happily as possible, but not before Miss Baxter, in defiance of paternal orders to go ashore, has made several quick changes from green pierrette to midshipman and



POLITICS AFLOAT

Sir Percy Newbiggin, M.P. (Mr. Clive Currie) says a few words



READING HIS HANDI-WORK

Instructor Lieut.-Commander Tomlinson (Mr. Peter Mather) recites his own lyrics

Baskcomb) and Marine Bundy (Mr. S. Victor Stanley), the "comic relief" of the first scene, in which these inseparables, suspended on a plank in mid-air with their backs to the audience, had combined the offices of paint-sloppers and eavesdroppers with a wealth of by-play and pithy interjection. The contrast between Mr. Stanley's quiet Cockney humour and Mr. Baskcomb's ripe melancholy could not be bettered. No Greek Chorus ever achieved a better running commentary than this pair of painters, dangling eloquent legs above their Commander, as, strangely oblivious of their presence, he makes love to the politician's daughter.

The first glimpse of Pook's visage is one of the high spots of the play, only surpassed by the moment when Bundy, doing his best to keep Sir Percy at bay, shatters his outraged onslaught with the richest *bon mot* that ever hit the quarter deck—"No speaka de English." The effect of this bombshell on a political nosey-parker was a masterstroke. It took the audience fair in the midriff, and blew the laughter out of them in one long, loud explosion.

The audition is good fun. A pair of cross-talkers get the bird, the wardroom waiter emerges as a professional conjuror and produces an egg from the ear of the Major of Marines; Bundy is engaged as a step-dancer, and Pook, rejected as a singer, is recalled as a reciter of Longfellow. Pook keeps both eyes shut while reciting for a double purpose, (1) to remember his lines, (2) to blot out

back again, thereby making it clear that pretty girls look prettier than ever when disguised as snotties, and that no naval comedy is complete without a concealed female somewhere on board one of His Majesty's ships.

The rehearsals for the entertainment in Sir Percy's honour are the backbone of the manoeuvres. Economy is the watch-word, and the programme accordingly must be built around the properties in stock—one pantomime horse, one medieval suit of armour, six pierrot costumes, and so on. "The Bloke" is master of the ceremonies, "Number One" the stage manager, while the book and lyrics devolve on the most serious-minded member of the wardrobe. The humours of the drama as influenced by discipline are laughably exploited in scene 2 (the wardrobe), where

candidates from the lower deck are paraded by the bandmaster, and face the ordeal of an audition. Here we are re-united to Able Seaman Pook (Mr. A. W.

NOT LOST BUT GONE BEFORE: THE TWINS FROM THE VICARAGE
Miss Marjorie Playfair and Miss Kathleen Kelly as Cora and Dora Golightly doing their horn-pipe

the riff-raff in the back rows whose rude gestures put him off his stroke.

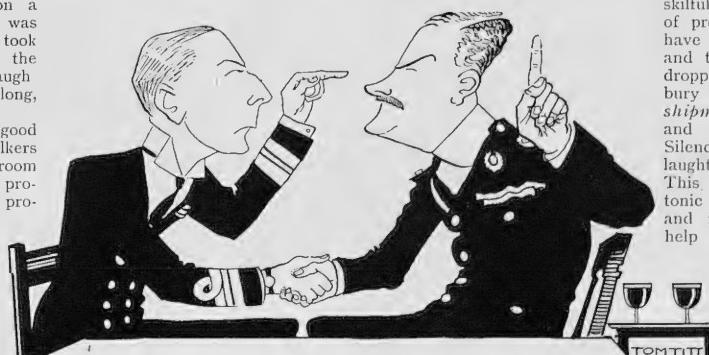
In the Second Act we see the dress rehearsal, with a side view of the stage, Pook in charge of the lighting, frequent interruptions to the Commander's duet (with kiss), and, above all, a superb effort on the part of the horse. The Major has been inveigled into the stern sheets, while the Marine ex-conjuror occupies the bows and convulses the audience by standing to attention every time he communicates to the Commander the remarks of his recumbent superior.

The last Act is the actual performance, seen spasmodically and conducted, it would seem, on strange lines inasmuch as Pook, seizing his chance to sing, is visibly pelted with oranges, thrown, presumably, over the head of the Commander-in-Chief.

A strong cast, pulling well together, deliver the authors' goods with a will. Mr. Basil Foster, as the Commander, does this sort of thing with the pleasant assurance with which he and his family were wont to despatch a cricket ball to the boundary.

Mr. Baskcomb is superb, Mr. Stanley an admirable foil, Mr. Currie the safest of political targets. Miss Baxter has no difficulty in looking alluring and saying next to nothing; Miss Mary Clare as an outspoken chaperone extracts a quart of character from the sketchiest of pint pots; and as her charges, the Golightly twins, the Misses Marjorie Playfair and Kathleen Kelly, make a pretty pair of *ingénues*. Mr. Charlton Morton's breezy "No. 1;" Mr. Humphrey Morton's Snotty; Mr. Henry Thompson's Corporal of Marines; Mr. Michael Shepley's blunt and beer-drinking Major; Mr. D. J. William's ex-conjuror; Mr. Roger Maxwell's Bandmaster; and Mr. Terence Downing's Lord Chinley are first-rate. The authors, skilfully using an old hull of proved sea-worthiness, have turned out as bright and taut a craft as ever dropped anchor in Shaftesbury Avenue. *The Midshipmaid* is in for a long and prosperous voyage. Silence may be golden but laughter is above rubies. This comedy has those tonic properties of mirth and make-believe which help one to retain that

school-room complexion. See this jolliest of charades and forget next year's Budget. Mr. Campbell Gillan's production deserves a salute of at least twenty-one guns. "TRINCULO."

A CORPORAL OF MARINES
Mr. Henry Thompson performing his duties in the serious spirit of the regulations

PLAYING FOR DRINKS

Lieut.-Commander Valentine (Mr. Charlton Morton) takes a glass of port off the Major of Marines (Mr. Michael Shepley), who consents to appear as the back portion of the horse on condition his drinking song is included in the entertainment

ON A PERTHSHIRE GROUSE MOOR



LORD AND LADY WIMBORNE AND THEIR SHOOTING PARTY



LADY WIMBORNE RIDES UP TO THE BUTTS AT DRUMOUR



TWO UP: THE COMTE DE BRENTIEL AND THE HON. MRS. HAY SHARE A PONY WHILE THE HON. CYNTHIA GUEST LOOKS ON



THE MARQUIS DE PARIS GETS A LIFT, TOO, AT LORD WIMBORNE'S SHOOT

In spite of a generous supply of unpleasant weather conditions, there is no depression over the particular part of Scotland where these pictures were taken. Drumour, which harbours Lord and Lady Wimborne and their family during the grouse shooting season, is near Dunkeld, and a constant stream of well-armed visitors, several of them from across the Channel, has lately been invading this Highland fastness. The Hon. Mrs. Hay and her sister, the Hon. Cynthia Guest, are both in residence with their parents. Mrs. Hay was married to the Hon. Gilbert Hay, Lord Erroll's brother, in 1926, when she was only twenty. The shooting ponies at Drumour make light of a little extra work, being, like all their relations, stout fellas

THE PASSING SHOW AND A RACING FIXTURE



Frank O'Brien
AT THE LIMERICK SHOW: MR. PETER FITZGERALD
MRS. GERALD DEANE, AND MAJOR GERALD DEANE



Frank O'Brien
MR. T. J. CLANCHY AND (right) CAPTAIN THE HON.
GERALD BROWNE, LORD KENMARKE'S SON, AT LIMERICK



AT HURST PARK: MISS MONICA
SHERIFFE WITH LORD CARNARVON



Truman Howell
LORD BRIDGEMAN, COLONEL DONALDSON-HUDSON,
HIS DAUGHTER, AND MRS. BALFOUR AT SHREWSBURY



LADY VICTORIA SCOTT
AND CAPTAIN KELLETT

The Limerick Show, at which these top pictures were taken, had a strong exhibit of raincoats, umbrellas, and Newmarkets, the weather excelling itself in unpleasantness. Mr. Peter FitzGerald, who is seen with one of the pillars of Tattersalls, is a well-known breeder of bloodstock in Co. Limerick. Mr. Clancy acted as honorary veterinary referee, and Captain the Hon. Gerald Browne was member of Lord Dunraven's house party at Adare Manor for the show. The sun actually shone on both days of the Hurst Park August Meeting. Miss Monica Sheriff has lately entered the lists as an owner, and Lord Carnarvon's interest in racing is not confined to ownership, as he occasionally has a ride too. Lady Victoria Scott, who with Captain Kellett was also at Hurst Park, was formerly Lady Victoria Haig. The centre group was taken at the famous Shrewsbury Flower Show organized by the Shropshire Horticultural Society, of which that distinguished Salopian, Lord Bridgeman, is this year's president. Colonel Donaldson-Hudson is a former High Sheriff of the county.



A BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY! MLLÉ. GENOVIA AT DEAUVILLE

Even when famous ballet stars are having a so-called holiday they have to keep in practice, and this is Mlle. Genovia of the Paris Opera Ballet and a co-opted dancing-partner doing a bit of practice on the sands at Deauville

dripping rock surrounded by mist instead of "view"! I am also beginning to like the taste of saltless hard-boiled eggs, sugarless tea, and cold roast beef *sans* mustard! (Has anyone ever picnicked with *all* the condiments in the basket that there *ought* to be?) In fact I think my attitude towards ant-hill climbing is very much that of the good Catholic towards purgatory. It has to be endured for the sake of the afterwards. The "afterwards" in climbing being—in my case—hot chocolate at Madame Vve. Biran's at La Railliére and a hot bath and massage at the excellent Hôtel de France. I am not much of a *connaisseur* in mountain weather but I guess it must have been pretty foul, for even Delysia and her husband, Georges Denis, came down from their camp and returned to civilization, in other words, their lovely new home, "La Malika," at Bidart, near Biarritz. Maybe, of course, it was not only the weather but also the calamity of a sick dog that influenced their decision. Anyway, Delysia made the return journey from the Marcadau to Cauterets astride a mule carrying the poor puppy in her arms the whole way. The outfit arrived after ten o'clock at night, and poor Alice's arms ached nearly as badly as her . . . well, the rest of her!

I ran up to Paris in order to get some idea of That-Which-Will-Be-Worn this winter and came away in a great hurry to knock off, down here, the avoidupois resulting from the appetite induced by mountaineering! Frocks appear to be both slinky and frilly, which seems somewhat contradictory, and one still has to be slim to look well in them. *Tout Paris* was talking of Captain Molyneux's "swimming dinner" which he gave to inaugurate the new swimming-pool that he has had built at his beautiful villa on the Riviera. The guests came from all along the coast to enjoy the lovely lighting of the grounds, the fireworks, and the dinner served at little tables round the pool where, later on in the evening, them-as-wished-to

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

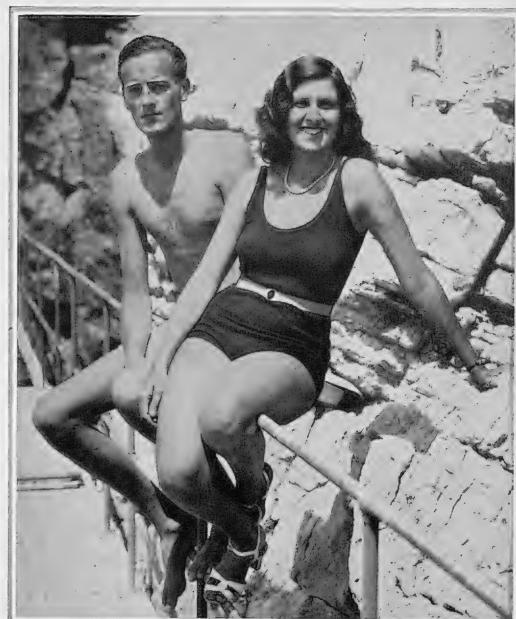
Très Cher,—
I am
back - on - the -
Farm - on - the -
Island having
made a small (?)
detour in order
to take in Paris
on my way from
Cauterets!

I was taught in my youth something about the fact that the two sides of a triangle can never be less in length than the third side—or words to that effect—but it is only in my motoring days that the force of the argument has been brought quite home to me!

My last week at Cauterets was quite pleasant despite the foul weather. I even began to find a certain charm (I am becoming sardistic in my old age!!) in the utter discomfort of climbing for several hours in order to sit under a

bathed in the moonlight! Amongst the guests were Lord and Lady Brownlow, the Ranee of Pudukota, the Marquise de Casa Maury, Princesse Ghika—who was once the beautiful Liane de Pougy—M. René Léon, the man who makes the wheels go round at Monte Carlo (if you know what I mean), the Michael Arlens (it was just the sort of party that his pen delights in!), Lady Ashby, the d'Estainvilles (René doesn't seem to be quite the lad he used-to-was in his gay bat'chlor days, does he?) Maxine Elliott, Lady Cynthia Mosley, and lots of the Bright Young Ones who are all more tanned than ever this year! I shall have to take a henna bath before I go back to town. In these more northern climes, the sun having unkindly refused to oblige the ukase that "tan" should NOT be worn this summer has been disregarded, no doubt because satisfactory tanning is so difficult to achieve. We are contradictory creatures, so kindly regard my remark—made some two or three weeks ago—as non est.

Did you read of the death of that pretty and clever little French actress, Janie Marèze, whose car turned turtle on her near St. Tropez last week? She was such a lovely gay young thing, so full of life and so happy to be alive. She was great pals with a well-known theatre magnate in Paris, whose only son was killed in a motor-bike smash only a couple of months ago. . . . Poor souls . . . poor souls! The smart bohème crowd down at St. Tropez has foregathered in greater numbers than ever. Colette in her delightful little house, la Treille Muscate, on its private beach, is well surrounded by her favourite pen-pushers and brush-wielders! Her young daughter, Colette de Jouvenel, is down there for a flying visit, a very flying one, for the child—she is only seventeen—came down in her new (and first) car, a swift Bugatti, a birthday present from her father's third wife. The Jouvenel children, who all have different mothers, are most amusing about their father's matrimonial ventures, but one gathers that they hope he has settled down at last, for *belle-mère* No. 3 seems very satisfactory. Nice to have such philosophical children, isn't it? With love, Très Cher, PRISCILLA.



ENGAGED: MISS MARJORIE JOSA AND MR. JOHN D. CRIMMINNS

A snapshot in a place where there is a spot of sun, Cap d'Antibes. Miss Josa's and Mr. Crimmins' engagement was announced a short time ago, and they are amongst the large number of visitors who are crowding this charming spot in the south at the moment

The Choice



DANILOVA AND HER DANCING SHOES

Alexandra Danilova, the première danseuse of the admirable corps de ballet which gains such applause in "Waltzes from Vienna," is well known to London, having been a member of the late Serge Diaghileff's famous galaxy of stars. Orphaned when very young, Mlle. Danilova was brought up by General Batianoff of the Czar's Household and learnt her supreme artistry at the Imperial Ballet School. She is twenty-three years of age



William Davis

SOME 1931 CRICKET TEAMS



1ST BATTALION COLDSTREAM GUARDS XI

Left to right are: Back row—Lance-Sergeant R. Beacham, Guardsman R. Morley, Lance-Sergeant L. F. Parker, Lance-Corporal J. Pearce, Guardsman A. Boreland, Lance-Sergeant G. Ellis, Drummer E. Atkinson (umpire); front row—Lance-Sergeant W. W. Wood, Lieutenant-Colonel L. M. Gibbs, D.S.O., M.C., Major W. A. C. Wilkinson, M.C., Captain C. R. Polhill-Drabble, M.C., Lance-Corporal W. Grainger

Mrs. Albert Brown

1ST BATTALION WELSH GUARDS XI AT WELLINGTON BARRACKS

Left to right are: Back row—Guardsman Devy, Guardsman Cocklin, Guardsman Pendlebury, Guardsman Thomas, Lance-Corporal Bowen, Lance-Sergeant Roberts, Lance-Corporal Harris; front row—2nd-Lieut. J. F. Gresham, Lieutenant T. L. R. Hardy, Captain G. D. Young, Lieutenant P. S. Akroyd (captain), Captain J. Jefferson, Lieutenant D. E. P. Hodgson



THE LEICESTERSHIRE GENTLEMEN

Left to right are: Seated—G. H. Watson, D. A. R. Young, F. B. Caultley, R. S. Watson, and H. A. Beresford; standing—Captain Fowler, Major H. E. Crawford, C. H. Taylor, D. A. M. Rome, H. R. A. Beresford, J. C. Pallister, and C. C. Blagden

Holloway

THE NORTHANTS GENTLEMEN

Left to right are: Seated—W. C. Brown, W. H. S. Dunn, A. P. R. Hawtin (captain), J. O. E. Cole, and T. Pitt; standing—H. Scott, A. G. Liddell, W. C. Smith, J. S. Brown, W. E. Morton, R. Charlesworth, and H. J. H. Lamb



THE HAMPSHIRE HOGS

R. S. Crisp

At back: G. Marshall (umpire), Lieutenant H. G. Simms, H. A. Sergeant, R. H. Stokes-Rees, Captain J. H. R. Dickson, J. H. L. Macdonald, P. Delme-Radcliffe, G. F. White (scorer); sitting—Lieut.-Colonel B. Clarke, W. G. Lowndes (captain), W. Sturmy-Cave, A. H. Lewis, and R. M. Wright

All these various teams, though they may not have got into the limelight as much as some better-known outfits, have been doing their bit in the way of keeping the ball rolling under singularly adverse conditions, for a worse cricketing, or any outdoor game, summer it would be difficult to remember. The Leicester v. Northants Gentlemen match, played at Northampton, was a draw. Leicestershire went in and got 224, and then Northants got 174 for 5. They had only two hours in which to win, and did very well under the circumstances. The Hampshire Hogs recently played a match versus the Grasshoppers at Bushridge Hall, near Godalming. A photograph of the opposing team will be found on p. viii of this issue



IN HER HOURS OF DAINTY EASE

By A. K. Macdonald



AFTER

By Gordon



THE DANCE

Browne, R.I.



"THE GUARDSMAN WHO DROPPED IT!"



"THE MAN WHO BID HALF-A-GUINEA AT TATTERSALL'S"

Specially printed and mounted copies, in colour, of these two clever pictures by the famous artist, H. M. Bateman, can be obtained on application to Dept. E, "The Tatler," 346, Strand, W.C.2. Size of work 14 in. by 10 in. on plate-sunk mount 25 in. by 20 in. Copies 10s. 6d. each. Proofs signed by artist, 20s. each. Further pictures by the same artist can also be obtained. Particulars and small reproductions of the entire series will be sent post free on application

FILM PICTURES HUNG ON THE LINE



LILY DAMITA AS LA PERRICHOLO, THE DANCER,
IN "THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY"



MARILYN MILLER IN "SUNNY"

Lily Damita, who is French born and reared, has one of the parts of her exciting film lifetime as the Peruvian dancer, La Perricholi, in the film version of Thornton Wilder's great story, "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." Lily Damita made her film début in France at the tender age of six, and since then she has appeared in quite a number of British-made films. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer are doing "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." Marilyn Miller, who is the star in the "Sunny" film, was in a similar position in the stage version, as also in "Rosalie" and many other American musical comedies. Bonnie Hale was the leading lady in "Sunny" over here. Mary Brian is the central figure in "Waiting at the Church." The ladies in the picture are not waiting at any church, but in the chorus ladies dressing-room. Mary Brian has just had a box of orchids sent her by a wealthy admirer—a not very uncommon situation



"LOOKING FOR A SWEET PAPA" IN THE "WAITING AT THE CHURCH" FILM

SHOOTING THE GROUSE BIRD AND A BIRTHDAY



AT THE EARL OF CARLISLE'S SHOOT AT GELT BANK

A luncheon group on the Pennines which includes Captain Paget, Lord Carlisle, Lady Carlisle, Mr. Raphael, the Hon. Michael Eden, Lord Henley's heir; (on ground) The Hon. Roger Eden, Lord Morpeth, Lord Carlisle's son, Lord Henley, and Lady Carolyn Howard



LORD CARLISLE AND LORD MORPETH



LADY CARLISLE, LADY CAROLYN HOWARD, AND LORD MORPETH

The shooting snapshots were taken on the Gelt Bank Moors where Lord and Lady Carlisle had a party at Naworth. The birthday celebration was in honour of the twelfth one of Lady Carolyn Howard's, Lord and Lady Carlisle's only daughter. The only son and heir, Lord Morpeth, was born only in 1923, and this shoot was more or less his baptism of fire where grouse shooting is concerned. Lord Henley, who is in the luncheon group, married Lady Dorothy Howard, who is an aunt of Lord Carlisle, so there was a family party touch about the gathering. Askerton Castle, Lord Henley's seat, is also in Cumberland, being near Brampton



Raoni Barba
AT MONTE CARLO: MISS CONSTANCE BENNETT AND MISS VALENTINE MACY



Raoni Barba
MISS PORTER, ADMIRAL THE HON. SIR VICTOR STANLEY, MISS ROSEMARY STANLEY, AND LADY STANLEY

Where the Sun Really Shines

Riviera Pictures



THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER AND JACK



THE DOLLY SISTERS

The Riviera's summer season would be incomplete without Rosie and Jenny Dolly, who are seen here at Eden Roc, Cap d'Antibes, where they play backgammon between bathes. The Duke and Duchess of Westminster, after a month's cruise aboard their yacht, "Cutty Sark," are shortly returning to Sutherlandshire to fish, a form of sport about which the Duchess is now exceedingly enthusiastic. Lady Seafield's Chow puppy, Ting, is a popular personality at her tiny villa at Cap Ferrat, where she and her husband, Mr. Studley Herbert, have lately been entertaining Lord Redesdale's eldest daughter among other guests. According to report Miss Nancy Mitford, encouraged by the success of "Highland Fling," is at work on a second novel.



LADY SEAFIELD AND THE HON. NANCY MITFORD AT LADY SEAFIELD'S VILLA



AT THE GRASMERE SPORTS

Mr. Anthony Lowther, Lady Maureen Stanley, and Lord Castlereagh at lunch at the famous Cumberland sports. Mr. Tony Lowther, who used to be in the 10th Hussars, is a son of the Hon. Lancelot Lowther, Lord Lonsdale's only brother and heir presumptive. Lady Maureen Stanley is a daughter of Lord Londonderry and a daughter-in-law of Lord Derby

In addition to the money (amounting to £14 4s. 6d.) already sent to me personally by various people in aid of Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke's Old War Horse (Egypt) Fund, the following further sums have been sent me and have been forwarded to Lloyds Bank, Fleet, Hants:

The Hon. Betty Askwith	-	-	£1	0	0
Miss Heather Rawson	-	-	10	6	
Mrs. C. M. Gilpin	-	-	£1	0	6
Spencer Maurice	-	-	£1	5	0

Other contributions amounting as I am informed to about £1,000, have been paid into the fund direct which, of course, is very satisfactory, but even such a generous response does not clear the road, and Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke naturally does not want to be pulled up for want of funds. It is a big job of work finding out all those poor old steeds and also, I should think, no light one to escape being done in the eye by the crafty local inhabitant, who is quite capable of producing something that has never been near The War or any war, though no doubt a very deserving case. However, it is certain that large numbers of these old war horses have been rescued and there is no reason why in the end the majority of them should not be so. I have heard nothing from the R.S.P.C.A. regarding my little suggestion for a £1 for £1 contest. I think it was a very sporting offer.

* * *

Where this Fund is concerned, the biggest contribution which has come through my own personal hands is that from Spencer Maurice, 25s., the entire contents of his money-box. He is the little son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gascoyne Maurice, St. Mark's Square, Regent's Park, and I am as much touched by this contribution as I feel sure Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke will be. It somehow feels a bit more to me than the whole of the £1,000 odd which has come in, and I hope that the little sender will grow up to become the Master of the Quorn some day, or if not, then of the Meath! It is also a pleasure to acknowledge a money order for £1 0s. 6d. from Mrs. C. M. Gilpin, Digby, Nova Scotia, and this also has been sent on to Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke. People have been splendid in backing up this show, especially in these desperate hard times. It is in a good cause. Those who have lived honourably have a right to demand to die honourably. They were ready to do so in the war; it was just bad luck that it did not come their way, and that the present misery did.

Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

A propos old horses who have done their bit and are by some malignant fate condemned to spend the rest of their days in Hades—a thing which I am afraid happens far oftener than it should, for everyone owes it to a faithful pal to put him down rather than let him go into the hands which will treat him God knows how—Miss Eveline Faulkner, who is a hard-working member of the Animal Defence and Anti-Vivisection Society, which was founded by Miss Lind-Af-Hageby, reports to me about a bad show in Berck. She says that there are a number of old horses, nationality not specified, which are being used in things called *charrettes*, over-grown bath-chairs, so far as I can make out, which are hired out to people who are convalescing. They hold about six, plus driver, and I understand the wretched steeds are in such poor condition that a postage stamp would be a weight that would stop them. I am invited to go to Berck and see for myself and then to report to Miss Lind-Af-Hageby at the Bureau Humanitaire International, Genoa, that which I may see, when, it is stated the thing can be dealt with officially. Unhappily I am like a galley-slave chained to an oar and cannot go in person, but possibly there are some friends (on paper) of the creature who writes these notes who will do a reconnaissance for him? Berck is about 18 kilometres only from Le Touquet, and the big idea is to get some quite independent testimony, and not the "official" evidence which we get about places like Vaurigard, which is no more use than a sick head-ache, because the "witnesses" are signalled and are only shown what the sportsmen on the spot think they should be shown, humane-killers going off like Lewis guns—no bloody business—no knife or pole-axe stuff. What is needed in all cases like this is to get the unofficial truth, not the official evidence, which as I say, and shall continue to say, is not worth much. So will someone who may know Tom Fool, but whom Tom Fool does not know, have a go at Berck? Let me know and then I will report to Miss Lind-Af-Hageby who, I am assured, will at once lay the Bureau Humanitaire hounds on, and stretch the perpetrators out for dead.

(Continued on p. viii)



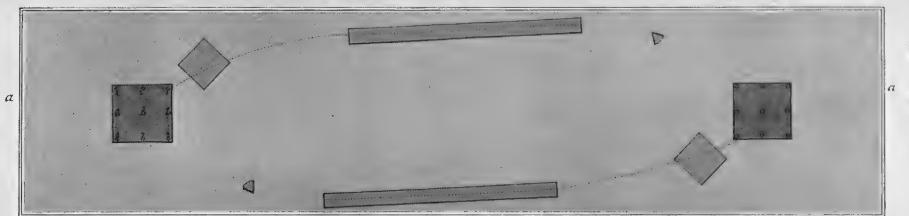
ON THE GLENEAGLES HOTEL LINKS

This group taken at this "golfers'" paradise includes: Princess Caraman de Chimay, Captain J. H. A. Campbell, Princess Galitzine, and Prince Caraman de Chimay

A View of a SKITTLE GROUND



Published as the Act directs by G. Hearsley in Fleet Street London July 11th 1786.



Plan of a double Skittle Ground

Life is,
unfortunately, not all
GUINNESS
and
SKITTLES

"GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU"

G.E.169.



MISS GLADYS COOPER (LADY PEARSON) WITH HER DAUGHTER SALLY AND NIGEL PEARSON—

So few people can have recognized a recent picture in goggles of one of the stage's most attractive personalities that it would be tantamount to a crime not to publish these snapshots, which show her as she really is when at the seaside. Sally is Sir Neville and Lady Pearson's little daughter—a very charming lady, as will be seen; and Nigel Pearson is Sir Neville Pearson's son by his first marriage.

A SCOTTISH church held a self-denial week in aid of its funds. One of the members, who was not celebrated for his piety, came to the "meenister" at the end of the week and handed over a donation of 5s. 3d. all in threepenny pieces.

"This is very kind of you, Jock," said the parson, "but tell me, how is it that your contribution is in three-penny bits?"

Jock shuffled his feet, coughed, and then said: "Weel, ye see, sir, it's ma custom to have three whiskies and sodas every day, but as we are holding a self-denial week I felt I must give up something . . ." nodding towards the small coins, "*these are the sodas, sir.*"

* * *

The girl walked into the garage. "I want a set of tyres, please," she said to the man.

"Certainly, miss," replied the man, "what type—balloon?"
"Of course not. Motor-car."

* * *

A man who was in the midst of domestic trouble was approached by his maid.

"If you please, sir," said the girl, "there's a man at the door who has come about your suit."

"Oh, yes," said the master of the house. "Er—ask him if he means lounge or divorce?"

* * *

The diner rang for the waiter.

"Where's my change?" he snapped.

The waiter shrugged his shoulders.

"There isn't any, sir," he said. "That was my tip."

"But I didn't tell you you could have it," said the other, angrily.

The waiter smiled blandly.

"Oh, that's all right," he replied. "I'm forgetful myself sometimes."

Bubble and Squeak

The door of the pub burst open and a man dashed up to the counter.

"A pint of beer, quick! Before the trouble starts," he gasped.

The barman was too astonished to say anything for a moment, and meekly served him with a glass of beer, which the man drank off at a gulp.

"Now what's the trouble?" asked the barman. The man replaced the glass on the counter and squared his shoulders, truculently.

"I ain't got no money," he said.

* * *

An American was giving some illustrations of the size of his country.

"You can board a train in the State of Kentucky at dawn," he said, impressively, "and twenty-four hours later you'll still be in Kentucky State."

"Yes," said one of his English listeners, with feeling, "we've got trains like that here too."

* * *

The old lady made a scared complaint to the tube-train attendant.

"I wish you'd come to this man over in the corner," she whispered. "I'm sure he's mad and he's gibbering to himself. He seems to think he's Napoleon."

"Well, that's all right, madam," replied the official, calmly. "Next station's Waterloo."



—AND WITH SALLY AT FRINTON

A man drove his very ramshackle old car into the garage and asked for information about a general overhaul. The foreman gave the car a long and searching look and finally blew the horn, which responded nobly. Turning to the owner, he said: "That's a nice hooter you've got there, sir. Why not jack it up and run a new car under it?"

* * *

The diner was struggling with his portion of chicken, and after a little time he called the waiter over.

"What kind of chicken is this?" he asked.

"That, sir," replied the waiter brightly, "is the best spring chicken."

"Ah, I thought as much," replied the diner, wearily. "I've evidently been chewing one of the springs for the last few minutes."

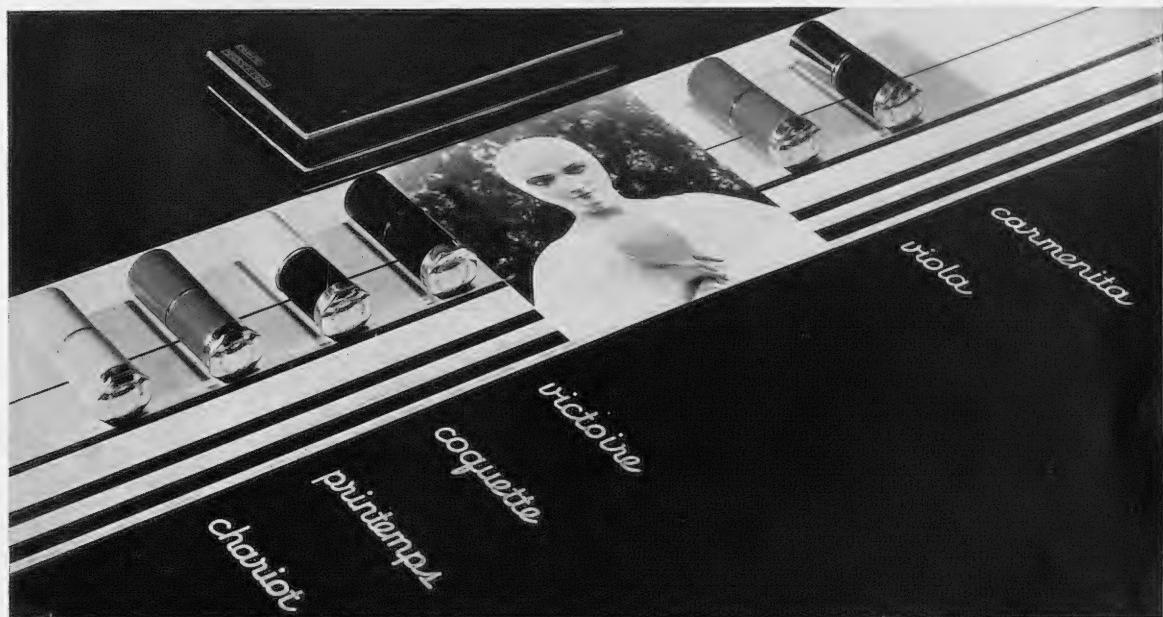
* * *

"Darling!" she cooed, "I've just read that a man out West exchanged his wife for a horse. You wouldn't exchange me for a horse, would you?"

"Of course not!" he replied, dutifully; then, "But I'd hate to have anyone tempt me with a good car!" he added.

Elizabeth Arden's LIPSTICK ENSEMBLE enables any woman to wear any colour

- A leopard cannot change its spots, poor thing. How much more fortunate are those women who have discovered that they can change their personalities by using a different make-up to suit every mood and costume.
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- If you have always longed for a lipstick that was smooth, easy to apply, indelible, in just the right colour . . . and have concluded it was impossible to find this heavenly combination, then the new Arden lipsticks will renew your faith in life. For they are as smooth as a rose-petal . . . go on very easily . . . are really indelible . . . and the colours are enchanting.



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- The new Arden Lipstick may be had in six enchanting shades. The Ensemble, containing all six shades, is 32s. 6d. Individual lipsticks, 6s. 6d. each.

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POLO NOTES

By
SERREFILE.



THE GREENLODGE-NEWMARKET TEAM

K. S. CRISP

The team which won the recent tournament at Newmarket, beating the Mongrels 10 to 8. The names in this group are: Mr. L. S. Elwell, Major Cavanagh, Mr. Basil Jarvis, and Mr. E. Beeby. The entries included, besides the finalists, Rugby, Rougham, and Ingatstone

POLO is going very strong at Gibraltar. There is no polo ground on The Rock itself, but there are two good grounds at Campamento in Spain which are about three miles away. For a small garrison such as Gibraltar has at present, i.e., two infantry regiments, one brigade of gunners, and some Sappers, the number of officers who turn out for polo must compare very well or better with any other station of the same size. At the moment there is a tournament going on in which no fewer than nine teams are playing, all from the garrison. The ponies used are chiefly Spanish, which seem to be gradually replacing the Barb, and the good Spanish pony compares very favourably with the English pony as regards both looks and stamina, while as regards manners and training he is generally far in advance, having often been well broken by a Spanish farmer in herding bulls, and as a result will go into a game almost immediately. Two of the picturesque *guardia civil* (the Spanish national guard) are always present when polo is being played, and the local inhabitants always appear in force and take an interest in the games and also the players. It is usual to play a match once a year against a Spanish Army team who come down from Seville or Madrid, but owing to the recent trouble in Spain it has not been possible to do this this season. This year's Inter-Regimental, which is the principal tournament of the year, was won by the Staff Team, who beat the Royal Artillery in the final with a team consisting of: Major C. N. Custance, Captain J. F. Benay, Major C. H. S. Townsend, and Lieutenant E. J. Pearn. The Subalterns' Cup was won for the first time for twenty years by an infantry regiment, the 2nd Batt. North Staffordshire Regiment—Mr. R. A. Wickham, Mr. A. E. Hallier, Mr. T. W. Gimson, and Mr. C. R. A. Swynnerton.

* * *

Although Gib. with its small garrison has not the chances where polo is concerned which some of the other Mediterranean stations and ports of call have, it has one advantage which the others have not, a pack of fox-hounds, the Royal Calpé of fairly ancient lineage, and as some say descended from the pack the Iron Duke had when he was at Torres Vedras making—as Smith Minor will *not* know in these days—a rather prolonged stay before starting the great hunt all across Portugal and Spain to the Pyrenees. Others say that the Pan hounds can claim this honour. Whichever way it is, I think it

is always safer under such circumstances to let people worry it out between themselves. At Gib. there is this additional amenity, as it is quite easy to go across to Tangier and stick a pig under conditions which, if not the same as those which some of us think the best, are, I am told, a pretty good imitation. At Malta the garrison is not much bigger, if at all, than it is at Gib., but the polo grounds at the Marsa, I am told, are good these days, just as dusty as ever. The glare I expect is just as bad! I have not been there for many years, so I don't know; but it is also the H.Q. of the Mediterranean Squadron and the sailors are practically the back-bone of things, and are, as we know, tremendously keen. At Gib. also they get some naval support when the ships are in, either the Atlantic or Mediterranean ones. After Malta there is Cairo, hardly classable as a Mediterranean station, but a much bigger show where the garrison and sport are concerned. There is also Brioni, which does not belong to us, but is a hot-bed of polo enthusiasm and provides hirelings for the tourist brave enough to take them on, the next best place to either an Indian or a home station for a regiment with polo aspirations. As to Cairo, it is now, I am told, very up-to-date. The Gezira Sporting Club, which is rather like a glorified gymkhana club as that thing is understood in India, was, even so long as I knew it just before the war, excellently run, and both the racing and the polo were forging ahead. The racing, I understand, is now of better class than it has ever been, and has attracted people like Mrs. Chester Beatty, whose colours are so familiar to us here. "The Royal Navy Polo Association Annual," Vol. II, is the most useful publication of which I can think for information about polo at the various ports, but Cairo don't happen to be a port.

* * *

In addition to the Gezira Sporting Club, which unless my memory is wrong used to spell itself "Ghezireh," there is a ground at Heliopolis near where the cavalry lines are and used to be, but I hear it is not a good one. At the Gezira they have a brace of boarded grass grounds and one smaller one, and the regimental form used to be and no doubt still is quite first class and as good as we get in England though not as varied as happens in India, which is the real spot for putting an edge on a team. The grounds are fast, the season for play longer, and there is always the chance of crossing swords with one or other of the crack Indian teams. Cairo is undoubtedly the next best place to India for battle practice, but I fear may never be utilized to give one of our International teams its winter training because, principally, of the lack of high-class trial horses.



WINNING SUBALTERN'S TEAM AT GIB.

The 2nd Batt. North Staffordshire Regiment is the first infantry regiment in twenty years to win this cup. The names in the team are: Mr. R. A. Wickham, Mr. A. E. Hallier, Mr. T. W. Gimson, and Mr. C. R. A. Swynnerton. Polo at The Rock is referred to in this page

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PETROL VAPOUR :

By
W. G. ASTON.

Motorphobia.

IT looks to me as though once you get infected with the bacillus of this fell disease (thank goodness it is almost rare nowadays) you are incurable. A striking instance of this is afforded by that well-known man of letters, Mr. E. V. Lucas. Very few of us, even if we were not actually Lucas-fans—and there are such people—would fail to grant that upon

in some mishap this is always recorded as a "motor accident." Granting that things are not as yet anything like so good as they might be, it is difficult to see any point in making them out to be worse than they really are. Then again I must disagree with Mr. Lucas when he says, "If I were Minister of Transport or whoever the authority is, I should not waste a minute before decreeing the universal use of mechanical signals

for day and night and drawing up a code of penalties for those who did not use them." Mr. Lucas is evidently one of those curious folk who believe that people can be made better by Act of Parliament. No doubt he highly approves the multiplicity of laws and regulations and Orders in Council which have done so much towards bringing this unhappy country into its present chaotic condition. Mechanical signalling devices are on the market and they are not expensive. Now, the majority of motorists (even Mr. Lucas would have to admit) are considerate ladies and gentlemen, and they would use these things if they saw any practical advantage in them. Instead they use the hand, which is manifestly the quickest and most eloquent method of signalling. Also the fact is manifest to any thinking

driver (though, perhaps, not so clear to a back-seat passenger) that about 90 per cent. of all signals, whether given correctly or no, are entirely unnecessary. Mr. Lucas wants us to be continually manipulating levers and switches instead of attending to the main job of driving, and to force us to do so he wants an observant policeman to be stationed about every hundred yards along every road, for without this array of officials he could not exact his penalties. What Mr. Lucas has failed to notice is that the chief cause of all highway trouble is that very few drivers consistently keep to the left—probably because the steering-wheel is set upon the right, a conventional scheme which is open to serious question. If he would use his powerful pen in an endeavour to get the Rule of the Road upheld he would be doing far more good than by making wild statements or advocating still more vexatious legislation.

(Continued on p. xii)

CAPTAIN MOLYNEUX THROWS A PARTY AT CAP D'AIL

A photograph taken at the Villa Cappuccina when the famous dress designer and his sister gave a huge dinner-party, at which all the guests had to wear beach outfits. Near the table can be seen the Duc de Verdura, M. et Madame d'Estrainville, Lord Donegall, Mr. Cecil Beaton, the Comtesse de Vallombrosa, Captain Molyneux, and the Hon. Katharine Norton. The Villa Cappuccina boasts of a super bathing pool

Barba

a wide variety of subjects he writes with competence, charm, a touch of humour, and a broad vision. The moment he deals with motoring in any of its aspects he becomes a changed person. The normal characteristics of his writing disappear, and it is as though the venom which he had added to his ink was not only corrupting his pen nib, but also evilly influencing his style. For years, in the pages of "Punch," Mr. Lucas implacably carried on a guerrilla campaign against motoring and motorist, and I rather suspect him to have been largely responsible for the pitiful "pedestrian joke" which was once a weekly feature of that eminent journal. Gradually his attacks underwent a slight change of tone, and reading between the lines one perceived that he had himself become the owner of a detested motor-car. Thus one hoped for better things. But no, the old disease has reasserted itself, and the inveterate Mr. Lucas is at it again. I do not in the least mind him asserting publicly that he hates motoring, and that it is the worst way in which to see the country, though I fancy that several million people will sharply disagree with him upon this latter point. What I object to is his *ex cathedra* statement that "motorists are certainly not growing more careful." No one can deny that every day there are thousands of instances of bad driving, nor that practically all the accidents that occur are avoidable, but the simple fact is that, in spite of the abolition of the speed limit, the highway's toll of life and limb has, of late, substantially decreased, as is proved by official returns. These last, by the way, have never been softened towards the motorist, for if his vehicle figures even quite innocently

driver (though, perhaps, not so that about 90 per cent. of all signals, whether given correctly or no, are entirely unnecessary. Mr. Lucas wants us to be continually manipulating levers and switches instead of attending to the main job of driving, and to force us to do so he wants an observant policeman to be stationed about every hundred yards along every road, for without this array of officials he could not exact his penalties. What Mr. Lucas has failed to notice is that the chief cause of all highway trouble is that very few drivers consistently keep to the left—probably because the steering-wheel is set upon the right, a conventional scheme which is open to serious question. If he would use his powerful pen in an endeavour to get the Rule of the Road upheld he would be doing far more good than by making wild statements or advocating still more vexatious legislation.



LUNCH TIME AT GARTMORE

Walter Vickers

Sir Frederick Graham is shooting the Duke of Montrose's moor in Perthshire this season. He is seen third from the left, and the others are (left to right): Sir George Stirling, Lady Graham, Mr. Wallace Vernon, Mr. Edward Standish, Mr. Charles Campbell-Martin, Major Geoffrey Barnett, Mr. R. L. Scott, and Mr. Leonard Gow. On this occasion nine guns accounted for 115 brace of grouse

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday



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At the foot of this page particulars of the new season's prices are given. Pictures cannot adequately convey the integrity of manufacturing purpose, and the genius of craftsmanship which go into the making of these cars when a well equipped, well controlled army of craftsmen move in tune with the spirit of the age to produce the best the world can buy at the prices they desire to pay. Over 1000 Dealers have the new models on display in their Showrooms and the measure of the policy stated here is to be seen in the merit of the cars.

MANAGING DIRECTOR.

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"LIVING" PEARLS

A Mysterious Experience

By ANNA, BARONESS VON DALWIGK.

In the year 1701 an ancestor of ours brought back from India a string of pearls—pearls which from their unusual size and lustre excited the imagination of all who beheld them. Our forebear himself must have set great store by them, for in the family chronicle which he compiled and we now possess, many pages are devoted to the romantic adventures connected with them.

We are left to guess at the latter, for in the course of the centuries the ink on the old manuscript has faded, and his writing become illegible, all except the last few sentences which read as follows: ". . . the superstitious sailors were horrified to see what looked to them like unmistakable bloodstains on the magnificent pearls. In spite of this I took the necklace and brought it safely home in the year of grace seventeen hundred and one."

These words recurred to me when three years ago I went on a long visit to the home of my elder sister, Ellinor, who on my mother's early death had inherited the famous pearls. A couple of days after my arrival I begged her to put them on as we were expecting guests of some importance. At first she refused, saying that knowing their history she had a horror of wearing them, but at last she yielded to my entreaties. We opened the case. There it lay—the priceless heir-loom—but the pearls were all dull and lustreless. Startled at what I saw, and taking the necklace in my hand, I cried, "But you must wear it, Ellinor, and wear it every day; the pearls are sick, dying."

Had not pearls been found in old tombs that crumbled to dust as they were touched? And the same fate seemed to threaten these mysterious Eastern jewels. To save them from this fate, and to cure if possible their "sickness," Ellinor promised, though very unwillingly, to wear them every day.

Soon they became opalescent and seemed to glow with a rosy sheen which we had never seen on them before.

A fortnight passed, and with it apparently Ellinor's antipathy to the necklace, for the pearls seemed to grow more and more lovely as the days went by, and my sister now wore them with the greatest pleasure, until one day a strange thing happened.

We were in the little wood adjoining the garden, climbing a rough and hilly little footpath together, when Ellinor stopped suddenly, put her hands up to her throat, and declared in a queer voice that the pearls were moving on her neck. . . . Of course I laughed at her, and though she vehemently maintained her point I laughed the idea away as a trick of the imagination—just nerves.

The rest of the time passed pleasantly enough for the house party on that summer day, sitting on the terrace, walking in the lovely gardens. Ellinor alone remained

silent and pre-occupied. She had no appetite and seemed quite to have lost her pretty colour. Nevertheless, it was not till she went to bed that she removed the string of pearls which seemed to be destroying her peace of mind. But that night she could not sleep, she could not close her eyes, or if she did, she kept imagining herself pursued by Indian natives in horrible disguises, seeking vengeance on her for the evil once caused by the pearls.

Next morning Ellinor rushed into my room at dawn, clutching the pearl necklace, which she held out to me with shaking fingers. I saw at a glance that the pearls had tied themselves into a knot in the middle of the necklace.

"I found the necklace like this," she said shakily, "and I'm sure it was not like that when I took it off."

I could only stare in amazement at the pearls, my first instinct being again to treat the matter as a joke, but the thing was beyond a joke, and Ellinor was evidently thoroughly frightened and upset. How could I prove that there was nothing in this strange and unusual happening? So I undid the knot, clasped the pearl necklace round her throat myself, and assured her over and over again that somehow we must have been mistaken not to have noticed the knot when she took it off.

Ali that day I kept her near me trying in every possible way to prevent her thoughts returning to the subject of the pearls—though frankly puzzled myself.

Evening came. We had crossed the hall, and Ellinor, with one foot on the stairs, her hand resting lightly on the rail, had turned back to wave to the children outside, when suddenly she turned quite white, and stood still with staring eyes, her hand to her throat.

I rushed to her and put my arm round her, fearing she would fall.

"The pearls, the pearls," she moaned.

Gently unloosening her fingers I examined the necklace anxiously, and yes, the pearls had knotted themselves again—yet the clasp was intact. What could be the meaning of it?

When Ellinor's husband heard the mysterious story he laughed at first, just as I had done, and decided by a test to get the idea out of our heads that there was anything wrong with the pearls. So he took the necklace off Ellinor's neck himself that night and, after unknotting it, put the pearls in a leather bag, locking that up in a safe which stood in their bed-room, the key remaining in his care. Next morning he unlocked the safe, and drew out the pearls with a triumphant smile, but the smile died on his lips . . .

(Continued on p. vi)



SIR KEITH AND LADY NUTTALL'S HOUSE PARTY IN DUMFRIESSHIRE

A group taken at Eliock, Sanquhar, last week, which Sir Keith and Lady Nuttall have taken for the season. The older part of it is the original abode of The Admirable Crichton, whose name was James and who was killed in Mantua in 1585. In the group, left to right, are: Standing—Captain Hamilton Carter, Captain Smith-Maxwell, Sir Keith Nuttall, Bart., Captain Pares Wilson, Commander Colvin, and Colonel Marshall Brooks; seated—Mrs. Marshall Brooks, Mrs. Smith-Maxwell, Lady Nuttall, Miss Mary Lea, and Mrs. Pares Wilson

Sleepless in a Sleeping World



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The young Champion of Kent : Miss Wanda Morgan, one of the eleven players selected by the L.G.U., from whom six will be chosen to do battle against France. Miss Morgan was runner-up to Miss Enid Wilson in this year's Open Championship

sure that anybody would heed the balance sheet even if they read it, and then it is so terribly difficult to lay down the law for anybody except oneself. Even if you lay it down for yourself it is not always easy to keep it. And if we do not buy balls or employ caddies or go to open events, rubber manufacturers, caddies, hotels, and what-not-suffer. It is all very difficult, and perhaps nobody's business except their own — provided only we make our own personal budget, like the National one, show a balance on the credit side.

Their own financial situation notwithstanding, Germany seems to have given an excellent time to the party of golfers whom "Fairway and Hazard" organized, with the help of Captain Balfour of Stoke Poges, into a force for foreign invasion. Mrs. Percy Garon is now champion of Germany, Miss Rudgard being runner-up to her, and Mrs. Mellor and Miss Rabbidge have both brought back a nice little packet of kudos to Middlesex. "Fairway and Hazard" certainly deserve well of these players and of everybody else who believes in International sport, and that journal will certainly be encouraged to do something more, as they intend, in the way of running foreign trips.

Meanwhile the L.G.U. has announced the eleven names from whom six will be picked to defend the honour of Great Britain against France, and the sympathy which we started feeling last week now becomes positively overwhelming. Just consider this list, you armchair critics, and see how you would like to deal with it: Miss Elsie Corlett, Miss Diana Fishwick, Mrs. Percy Garon, Miss Molly Gourlay, Mrs. Andrew Holm, Miss Jean McCulloch, Miss Wanda Morgan, Miss

EVE AT GOLF : By ELEANOR E. HELME

Presumably at the minute nobody ought to think or write about anything except the political situation and the call for economy. If I really did my duty perhaps I should sit down and work out a careful balance sheet for a patriotic and impecunious golfer, how many rounds she might play, how often she might have a caddy, the approximate (very) life of a ball, not forgetting also wear and tear of clubs and depreciation of shoe leather alias uskide, crêpe, or any other of those modern substances on which we balance ourselves in our attempts to hit the ball. But

I am not quite

Dorothy Pim, Mrs. Watson, Miss Wethered, and Miss Enid Wilson. Somebody will remember that Miss Elsie Corlett has never lost an International match; that Miss Fishwick not only won the 1930 championship but has played better golf ever since; that Mrs. Garon is a very finished performer; Miss Gourlay, the player whom most people pick in most years to win the Open. Somebody else will put forward the claims of Mrs. Holm, the 1930 Scottish champion, and one of the best players in that country; of Miss McCulloch, who holds the title at the moment; of Miss Wanda Morgan, whom many think the best of all the English young players.

Somebody else will recall that Miss Pim beat Miss Fishwick in the Open this year, and was only narrowly beaten by Miss Gourlay; that Mrs. Watson has been playing the most amazing golf in Scotland all this year, although she just omitted to win the Championship for the fifth time. There are only two names over which there can be no discussion, Miss Wethered, who has cheered up the whole of the British Isles by saying that she is ready to play if wanted, and Miss Enid Wilson, who holds both the Open and the English Championship. Only, unfortunately, Miss Wilson will be trying individual International fish (or, on the principle of not counting chickens before they are hatched, perhaps one should say trying to land instead of trying them). That is a sentence in which feather and fin seem to have become a little mixed, but one hopes the sentiments are unimpeachable, namely that Miss Wilson will not come back empty-handed from her great attempt to win the American and Canadian Championships. Everybody will be wishing her luck in them, although our own English at Ganton, the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh, and the match against France itself will all be the poorer for not having her.

Entries for the Autumn Foursomes, by the way, close on September 11, a date which seems suddenly to have come quite close. Other closing dates not to be forgotten are the English Championship on September 10 and the Central England Open Autumn



Mrs. Cavendish Fuller driving off at Northwood. She is the wife of Dr. H. Cavendish Fuller, and plays for the Medical Ladies



Another driving force: Mrs. Leslie Grant, daughter of Mr. Marshall of Hayling Island. Mrs. Grant plays for the Legal Ladies' Golf Association

AUTUMN FOURSOMES AT RANELAGH AND ROEHAMPTON

Entries close September 11.
Forms and conditions in
"Britannia and Eve" of
September

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

By M. E. BROOKE

Paris Trims Her
Modish Autumn Hats
With Waved Feathers
And Clipped Quills



It is difficult to believe that this hat has been influenced by the old-world marquise, so modern is its aspect. Liberty's, Regent Street, have made it of very soft black felt with a clipped quill mount alighting on the brim.

This hat has been designed advisedly to be worn with fur and velvet wraps; it is of black velvet enriched with a shaded ostrich feather which lightly rests against the column of the throat. It may be seen in the Salons of Woollards, Knightsbridge, S.W.



A study in black and white are the ostrich feathers which trim this velvet hat; it has been inspired by the Glengarry. Peter Robinson, Oxford Street, have passed the feathers through a slit in the crown, a clever device which holds them in position

Exclusive crayon pictures by Blake

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

The Autumn
Redingote Salutes
The Limelight



Fox stoles promise well for autumn wear, doubtless due to their marked flattering qualities. Percy Vickery, 235, Regent Street, has assembled a unique collection of silver and other fox affairs in his salons at pleasantly moderate prices. This one is of grey fox



The redingote or coat frock is unerringly smart for autumn wear, as it makes an ideal background for silver and other fur stoles. This model from Jay's, Regent Street, is carried out in one of the new wool fabrics, with elongated white handkerchief revers and pipings and large buttons. The hat is of black felt with white mount of clipped quills

Exclusive crayon pictures by Blake

The first hint of autumn is suggested by this suit from Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W. It is a study in dull reds, yellows, and browns, with a diagonal weave. An important feature is the fringe with which the neckline and revers are edged. The cape, with shaded fox collar, is detachable, and may be arranged in a variety of ways

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Diamond Ring £23 10s.



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Sapphire & Diamond Ring, £65



Emerald & Diamond Ring, £45



Diamond Ring £55



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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

Lines of Grace
And Subtle Beauty
Are Present In
These Autumn Modes



New and decorative is this trousered suit with wide trousers and coat from Swan and Edgar's, Piccadilly. They are carried out in printed crépe de chine in lovely shades of red and yellow, a touch of fur appears on the sleeves, while the blouse is of yellow crépe de chine finished with a bow

Here is an altogether charming breakfast jacket, which owes its origin to that well-known firm of outfitters, Walpole's, 89, New Bond Street, W. It is of pale pink Shetland wool lined with chiffon of the same shade. Swansdown and embroidery have been employed for decorative purposes

Most assuredly will this trousered suit flatter any figure; the trousers are composed of row upon row of narrow ecru frills of lace, while the cross-over coatee with cape at the back is of pastel pink chiffon velvet. They have gone into residence at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street

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12th SEPTEMBER

See the new collections of
Fur Models—designed
for the coming Winter
Season—now being shown
in Bradleys' Salons.

Orders should be placed without delay, as "Summer Prices" cease at the end of next week.

RE-MODELLING
of Furs on the new lines
is being executed also at
SPECIAL PRICES until
12th September. Garments
will be ready when the cold
weather arrives if put in
hand now.



Ten minutes' Taxi from the Hyde Park Hotel.



THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

Hot Favourites
For the
Autumn Handicap



Exclusive crayon pictures by Blake

Black tweed flecked with white is the material of this typical autumn two-piece from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W. The narrow revers of the dress are outlined with grey, the edges being scalloped. This forms the connecting link between the dress and the coat, as the collar of the latter is of grey fur. The sleeves are decidedly novel

Not only has this ensemble from Fenwick, 63, New Bond Street, annexed a white pique polo collar, but there are motifs of the same down the front. The tweed is flecked, and the collar of the coat is of clipped lamb, the semi-cuffs of the sleeves are tiered—a daring, nevertheless justifiable innovation



"Milady's Petit Salon" — A fashion of 1770

Modes and Manners—

HOW changed they are, yet in a chang^eing world the vogue for the exquisite Yardley Lavender ever increases.

Fashion never sponsored a perfume more perfect for the informal occasion; no other is so charming for the young girl, so full of dignity for the woman of an older generation — so inimitably the lovable fragrance.

Sprinkler Top Bottles 2/6 to 16/6

Fancy Stoppered Bottles 6/3 to 70/-

YARDLEY LAVENDER

ALSO Lavender Soap—*'The Luxury Soap of the World'*
—2/6 a box of three tablets,
Face Powder 1/9, Face Cream
1/6, English Complexion
Cream 3/6, Talcum Powder
1/2, Bath Salts 2/6, etc., etc.

OF ALL
CHEMISTS,
COIFFEURS
& STORES

YARDLEY HOUSE

33 OLD BOND STREET

LONDON



"Living" Pearls—continued from p. 424

there lay the lovely necklace in the hollow of his hand—unmistakably, for all to see—knotted once more.

From now on the pearls knotted themselves at least once a day, sometimes more. My sister always unknotted them with the same patient, haunted expression on her face, but went on wearing them to try and get to the bottom of the mystery.

At last we took them to our jeweller in Berlin, that he might examine and test the clasp. The keen-eyed, quiet-spoken man waxed enthusiastic over the size and lustre of the remarkably beautiful pearls. His eyes sparkled as he cried, delightedly: "These pearls really live. I should hardly be surprised to find them moving in my hand."

A few days later was Ellinor's birthday. The festive occasion was to be celebrated by a dinner-party, and her husband was insistent that the pearls should be worn. So together we fetched them out of the old chest and handed them with a few cheery words to their owner, who laid them on the table for a few minutes while she finished dressing.

And then happened the strangest thing of all. I was standing not far from the dressing-table and gazing idly at the pearls which had caused us so much excitement and distress, when suddenly I started. . . . Was I awake? Were the pearls moving? I pinched myself. They were moving—they were coming to life before my very eyes and, moreover, they began slowly coiling and uncoiling themselves as they lay there, until finally the necklace formed itself into one large loop and stood bolt upright. I had never believed in the supernatural, but now a shiver ran down my spine and beads of perspiration stood on my forehead; the horror of the thing held me rooted to the spot. I longed to run away, to scream, but could not move.

With an immense effort I took a step forward, reached out and put my hand on the still upstanding string of pearls. It offered some slight resistance, but after a moment collapsed suddenly and went limp. I stared, fascinated. Had it all



'CHASING IN DEVON ALREADY!
Lady Sidmouth, Miss Hope Wallace, and
Mr. Twiss in the paddock at Haldon, where
the Devon and Exeter 'chases were run
last week. Some other snapshots of Lord
Sidmouth and others appear on p. 389

been a trick of the imagination? For there they lay on the table as before, a gleaming, shimmering string of pearls.

The first guests were arriving, the house filled, snatches of talk and laughter floated through the rooms. We went downstairs, Ellinor in good spirits, seemingly having quite forgotten the vagaries of the pearls which, worn on the lovely person of my tall sister, excited general admiration.

Meanwhile dinner was served and there seemed nothing to disturb the gaiety of the gathering. Suddenly there was a scream from Ellinor, a crimson flush suffused her face, her hair stood on end, and her eyes seemed starting from her head. Then, with a moan like a wounded animal, her distorted features relaxed, her face became deadly pale, and she sank unconscious into her husband's arms. We carried her into an adjoining room, tore open her frock, and saw, horrified, a narrow, blood-red line encircling her throat.

The pearl necklace fell to pieces as we removed it. Ellinor only recovered very gradually from her death-like faint.

We took the sadly damaged necklace once more to our jeweller. The old man shook his head.

"On account of its great value," he said, "I tested the silk cord myself; only rough handling could break it."

"Or," added he, after some consideration and looking fixedly at Ellinor, "is it possible that the Countess belongs to that class of individual, born once every thousand years or so, in contact with whom pearls really knot themselves?"

Strange to say, the string of pearls has never knotted itself since. Was it a question of the cord, or was the old jeweller right in his supposition? I wonder. But from that time the pearls have remained locked away in the old chest carefully avoided by my sister.

And every time that I have seen them since (or is it my fancy?) they seemed a shade less lustrous, a shade less lovely, as though losing their gleaming beauty again, their very life . . . slowly fading . . . slowly dying.



Mappin Tea and Coffee Services... To-day there are many designs, each with its own distinctive charm Prices too, are almost equal to those of 1914! Inspection invited.

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How to choose a cigarette

Nowadays smokers choose their cigarettes according to the conditions under which they are to be smoked.

For lingering enjoyment, when time is of little account, De Reszke Americans are favoured.

20 for 1/6

*

For occasions-in-ordinary the choice falls on the standard De Reszke Virginias.

20 for 1/-

*

And for a "brief-time" smoke there are the new D.R. Minors at 10 for 4d.—a beautifully made cigarette of precisely the same choice Virginia leaf as its bigger brothers.

20 for 8d.



DE RESZKE
—of course!

Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 416

In connection with this Economy for All instead of Stinging the Few campaign which the jockey put up to ride a classic class colt called "British Empire" has discovered that we have got to face, I wonder if we shall be able to survive the curtailment of the noises we get from a place I think I may be permitted to call Mount Snowden? Time was when we should no more have thought of inviting the persons who make unpleasant vocal and instrumental noises into the privacy of our homes than we should have tried to fly to Heaven on a push-bike! Shall we miss Mr. Whathisname's Saxophonist Band and his terrible "Au 'voir!" which threatens us with a repetition? Shall we miss that other band which sounds as if all its units had not quite finished eating ham sandwiches before proceeding to perform upon their very brassy and not a little rusty wind instruments? Shall we miss those glee singers (unaccompanied)? Shall we miss the smeary violinist who prefers the sixth position and takes liberties with the composer? Shall we miss the soprano who is fonder of being at least a fifth too sharp or too flat? Shall we miss the gent. whose sex we can only determine after deep cogitation? Shall we even miss the "Oxford" voices which tell us in mournful murmurs that there is a depression in the East Atlantic moving eastward over the British Isles; another near the Azores (also moving across the British Isles), and another coming south from Iceland in a bee-line for the British Isles? I wonder! The only person lots of us would miss would be Mr. Vernon B—tt!



THE GRASSHOPPERS' XI

R. S. Crisp

The team which beat the Hampshire Hogs, who are pictured on p. 408, by seven wickets in their recent encounter at Busbridge Hall, Godalming. The names in the above group, left to right, are : Standing—G. C. Bambridge, M. D. Farmiloe, R. W. Skene, A. G. Howland-Jackson, D. A. Strachan, J. W. Mansel, and M. Gravett (umpire); seated—J. N. Eggar, Major G. Oliver, D. J. Knight (captain), Lieut.-Colonel A. M. Basset, and Captain A. P. Block

The matter of examination papers of the "General Knowledge" order has been discussed pretty often, as most of us know, in the Press and elsewhere, and as a rule, it will be agreed, is quite definitely of a dull and rather boring character. Ought we not in these times, when everyone is so well educated, to try and prevail upon our scholastic authorities to make an effort to brighten these things up and bring them more into line with modern thought and aspirations?

How, for instance, would something like this do? (1) Why are dumb irons dumber than flat ones? (2) Give derivation of expression, "a sock on the jaw." Has it any relation to the expression, "a bull on the tongue," so frequently used by ancient Greek gentlemen?

- (3) Mathematics: If a train leaving Edinburgh for London, going sixty miles an hour, met a train going forty miles an hour from London to Edinburgh at St. Boswells, which is the nearer to Peterborough?
- (4) What are the females of mouse, bat, crow, and buzzard?
- (5) For how long a period could a corpulent person lie flat across the Strand without being told to move on—to Charing Cross Hospital?
- (6) How many hills are there between the Ritz and the Cavalry Club? Give gradients.
- (7) What is, or was, Old Moore's Christian name?
- (8) What do you deduce from the following sentence: "I've bin queer ever since I took a bath last Friday — week?"
- (9) Give name and occupation of the husband of Shakespeare's walk-out. What was his opinion of "The Sonnets"?
- (10) What does A. do next in following circumstances? "Do you think I had better have my face lifted?" "Oh, no — entirely suspended!"

Ladies' from 50/-
Gentlemen's from 63/-

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WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

In India.

On October 2, Major John Carew Meredith, D.S.O., Royal Artillery, is marrying Miss Eileen Mary Grech in Bombay; Captain E. Rion Benson, Royal Artillery, and Miss Isolda Shea have fixed October 5 for their wedding at Naini Tal, U.P., India; and in November Mr. Humphrey John Stokes Rees, R.A., marries Miss Elaine Calder, and the wedding will take place in Bombay. The marriage will take place in Assam on October 5,

between Mr. James Palmer Ward of Deckari, Rajmai, eldest son of Mr. Noel Ward of Shillong, and Mrs. Mabel Ward of Eastbourne, and Miss Shelagh Yvonne Lockington Flood, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Lockington Flood of Sepon, Moran, Assam, and County Dublin.

* * *

Autumn Weddings.

Lieutenant E. H. Gelson Gregson, R.N., and Miss Mabel MacGregor are being married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, on October 3; on the same day Mr. Robert William Bart Dunlop marries Miss Jean Lorimer at St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh; October 7 is the date fixed for the wedding of Captain R. C. H. Kidd, The Royals, and Miss Marr Johnson, which will be at St. George's, Hanover Square; and on October 15 there is the wedding of Mr. David Cuthbert and Miss Bridget Coates, at St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield.

Photographed after their wedding on August 18 at Montgomery. The bride was, before her marriage, Miss Elizabeth Harwood-Banner and is the daughter of Sir Edward Harwood-Banner, Bart., and Lady Harwood-Banner, of Caerhawel Hall, Montgomery, and Boughrood Castle, Radnor. Sir Harwood is Mayor of the ancient borough of Montgomery



MR. AND MRS. R. P. CRAWSHAW

Recent Engagements.

Mr. James Hamilton Grey Hatherell, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Hatherell of Radford House, Warwickshire, and Miss Violet Irene Morley, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Morley of Trelawne, Duloe, Cornwall; Mr. Claude Turner Bleasie of Calcutta, the only son of the late Mr. F. Bleasie and Mrs. Bleasie of Crediton, Devon, and Miss Olive Margaret Chapman, the fifth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Chapman of Ryhope, county Durham; Mr. Rupert Henderson of Matelli, Doobars, India, the only son of the late Mr. H. G. Henderson and Mrs. Henderson of Etchingham, Sussex, and Miss Betty Neild Collis, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Neild Collis of Hampton Lodge, Stourbridge, Worcs.; Mr. Eric A. K. Webber of Rottingdean, the eldest son of Mr. Justice Webber and Mrs. Webber of Lagos, Nigeria, and Miss Barbara Bruton, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Bruton of Kenilworth Lodge, Gloucester; Mr. Alan Cadbury, second son of Mr. and Mrs. William A. Cadbury of West Hills, King's Norton, and Miss Jane Walker, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Walker of Chad House, Edgbaston; Mr. Charles Frederic Keightley, 5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, and Miss Joan Smyth Osbourne, elder daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Smyth Osbourne of Ash, Iddesleigh, North Devon.



MISS PEGGIE ADCOCK

The only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Adcock of 40, St. George's Avenue, N., who is to marry Mr. Kenneth John Fendt Toop, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Toop of Denbydale, Barnet, Herts

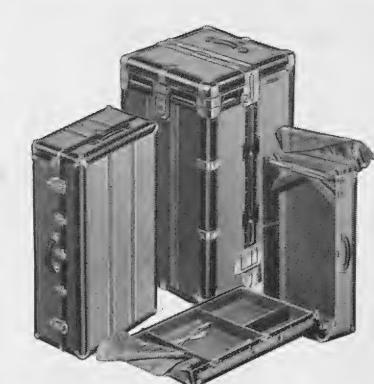


MRS. GEORGE S. PARSONS

Who was formerly Miss Russell-Cotes, the daughter of Mr. Herbert Russell-Cotes of Bournemouth. Her marriage to Mr. George S. Parsons of Boscombe took place on August 26

between Mr. James Palmer Ward of Deckari, Rajmai, eldest son of Mr. Noel Ward of Shillong, and Mrs. Mabel Ward of Eastbourne, and Miss Shelagh Yvonne Lockington Flood, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Lockington Flood of Sepon, Moran, Assam, and County Dublin.

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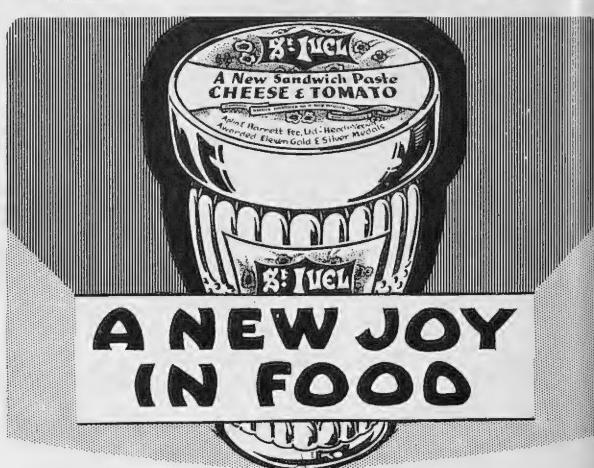
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HARTMANN TRUNKS and wardrobe hand luggage offers not only the utmost in quiet elegance and good taste, but also in travel comfort, convenience and lasting qualities. For convenience, durability and superior beauty HARTMANN LUGGAGE is unequalled.

At the leading stores and luggage shops.

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This new Cheese and Tomato paste makes a nothing so good most enjoyable change from the old pastes. From all grocers.

In glass jars 6d. and 9d.

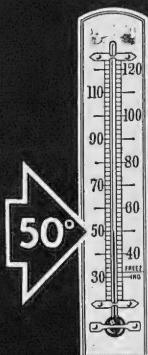
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CHEESE & TOMATO PASTE

Aplin & Barrett & The Western Counties Creameries Ltd.

now, my larder
costs me less...

Here's B.T.H. simplified Electric Refrigeration... gleaming white guardian of the family's food... every hour of the day and night. Enthusiastic housewives find it economical as it eliminates waste... as it gives a new simplicity in menu-planning... without last minute shopping rush... without last minute disappointment. Marketing can now be done when prices are favourable.

The B.T.H. Electric Refrigerator is all-steel... with hermetically sealed mechanism stowed away. There's no dirt, no dust... it never needs attention, not even oiling. The constant dry cold... never above 50°F., checks the growth of bacteria, keeps food fresh. It is the modern larder for the modern housewife... costing but a few pence each day... paying its way in actual savings.



The temperature in the B.T.H. Refrigerator is kept always below 50° F., the bacteria danger point, to ensure that your food will be perfectly preserved - and your health safeguarded.



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THE REFRIGERATOR WITH THE
THREE-YEAR GUARANTEE AND A LIFETIME
OF TROUBLE-PROOF REFRIGERATION

Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 422

New Models.

During the past year no one with the smallest pretensions to a "spotting-the-cars" faculty could have avoided the impression that in every part of this country Humbers were coming out on the roads at a quite unprecedented rate. Their well-merited success stamps them as one of the most outstanding marques to-day. It is not surprising to find that the 16·50 h.p., the Snipe and the Pullman, comprise the new programme. They are substantially as before, but improved in many details, and (what is almost unnecessary to say in connection with this resolutely go-ahead concern) better value for money than ever. The famous Snipe saloon is £20 cheaper at £465. Even finer body-work than formerly, more commodious and yet more graceful in line, is found in the Pullman range. If there is anything finer to be had than the full seven-seater limousine at £735, I would like to know what it is, for this is a genuinely high-performance luxury car, replete with comfort-items down to the smallest detail. The brakes on all the models have been improved, and now embody the Bendix armoured cable system, yielding very smooth and progressive operation. A tiny flaw in some previous Humbers was a slight tendency to "wander" in the steering. This has now been effectively eliminated by a re-design of the front spring mountings. During the next week or two I hope to be able to take one of the new Snipes for a jaunt and will duly report upon its behaviour. Meanwhile, bigger head lamps and a new form of wire-wheel hub have certainly enhanced its appearance. With regard to Hillman types, as might be supposed, the Wizard (which I take to be one of the most brilliant examples of British car design) remains unchanged, as also does the Vortic Straight-Eight. This latter is,

however, to be available in the form of a sports saloon. And these two models, so I understand, are to have a little sister of considerably lower power. But of this I have no details as yet. For the small car-owner, the Triumph Company cater in a remarkably comprehensive manner. It must be difficult to please anyone who cannot find just what he wants in their programme for the coming season. First of all the Super-Seven and the Scorpion (six-cylinder) have been improved in all sorts of ways and incidentally lowered in price. On the former chassis, and at an attractive price, is now mounted a new type of pillar-less four-door saloon that should be a great boon to those who like to get in and out without too much of an effort. Then an entirely new production is brought forth in the Super-Nine. The engine of this has what can only justly be called the Humber valve system, i.e. overhead inlets and side exhausts, four-speed gear-box, hydraulic brakes, low centre of gravity—and all, in saloon form with six lights, at £185. That sounds to me pretty good, and I am much looking forward to testing its qualities.

A party of Russian delegates of both sexes visited the new Ford Works at Dagenham recently in saloon coaches provided by Ford Motor Company. The visitors included technical experts who, through the medium of an interpreter, expressed their undisguised admiration for the many modern features embodied in the design and construction of the great factory. Scheduled to occupy one hour the visit eventually extended over a period of nearly two hours, the visitors showing surprising interest in the giant project. The party of Russians was a section of the 350 Soviet workers granted a free travelling holiday by the Soviet Government in recognition of their work in connection with the Five-Year Plan. Let us hope that their visit has opened their eyes and widened their views a bit. It will be an advantage to them if it has.



"JULY WEEK" AT DURBAN, SOUTH AFRICA
Singer cars alongside a battleship

EFFICIENCY



Two thousand horse-power bellowing—hurling one man six miles a minute, scorning time and distance—what better example of efficiency? And it is but typical of our times. Mighty machines, yet tireless, are now wrought in steel. Engines of a precision almost infinite, but above all, free from waste—that is truly modern. For friction, the enemy, is conquered—by Castrol, master of wear and heat.

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"CAN SUCH A CAR BE MADE?"

the public said . . . "a full-sized family or business car, with all the economical advantages of light weight, low horse-power and small chassis dimensions?"

Such a car is made—the famous "Standard Big Nine," ready for 1932 with numerous improvements, a greatly enlarged equipment, and—a much lower price! All coachbuilt bodies now . . . rear petrol tank . . . a four-speed gearbox with really silent third . . . the new impressive radiator design . . . sliding roof as standard . . . Protectoglass screen . . . Magna type wire wheels . . . Rear stop light. The model illustrated here is the "Standard Big Nine" Special Coachbuilt Saloon available in an attractive choice of colours, upholstered in finest quality furniture hide.

The 1932 "Standard Big Nine"

Coachbuilt Saloon - £205 Ex works

Special Coachbuilt Saloon £225 Ex works

Tourer - - - - £195 Ex works

also

The 1932 "Standard Little Nine" from £145

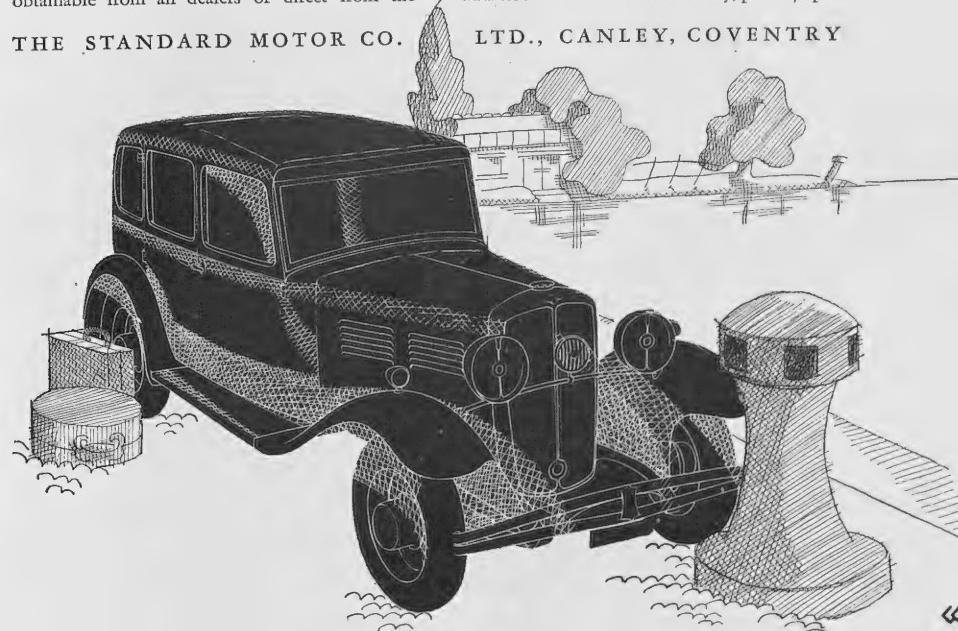
The 1932 "Standard Sixteen" from £225

The 1932 "Standard Twenty" from £325

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Write your name and address on a postcard and send it to the address below. It will bring you a wonderful new catalogue of Standard's 1932 cars! ★Every Standard owner should read "The Standard Car Review," obtainable from all dealers or direct from the address below. Published monthly, price 2/6 p.a.

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Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

The I.G.L. Pointer and Setter Society's Trials on grouse took place at Logiealmond at the beginning of August. Lady Howe was one of the judges in the Champion Stake. Both Mrs. Nagle and Mrs. Holt did well with their Irish setters, Mrs. Nagle winning the Brace Stake with Token d'Or and Seal d'Or; while Mrs. Holt was second in the All Aged Stake with Menai-fon Rock O'Moy; Mrs. Nagle winning certificates with Seal d'Or, Baffle d'Or, and Token d'Or. In the Champion Stake, diplomas were awarded to Menai-fon Rock O'Moy and Sheila Ba, also to Dinah d'Or and Baffle d'Or. The present high position of the Irish setter in the Field Trial world and as a working dog is largely due to the efforts of Mrs. Nagle, who has proved that the Irish setter as a worker is second to none.



SCHNAUZERS

The property of Mrs. Jaffray



YOUNG GREYHOUNDS
The property of Mrs. Bosanquet

The bull terrier is one of those breeds which can adapt themselves anywhere. He is particularly suited to hot climates as his short coat is not trouble, and in the tropics does not harbour dust or even less desirable inmates. He is a specially good guard and will "hold the fort" with the best. In addition he is a charming and intelligent companion. Mrs. Adlam has owned and bred many famous bull terriers. She sends a picture of her latest champion, Brendon Barbed Wire, taken with her son. Barbed Wire was bred by Mrs. Adlam, which always makes success more pleasing. She is a beautiful bitch of great quality. Mrs. Adlam has a miniature bull terrier for sale cheap to a good home. He weighs only 8 lb., and is eighteen months old. These small bull terriers have all the smartness and intelligence of the larger ones.

three sizes of schnauzers, giant, medium, and miniature. The medium is the one most usually seen, but the giant schnauzer is a most attractive little thing. Mrs. Jaffray has made a place for himself and has many admirers. This year the K.C. awarded championship certificates to the breed, so the schnauzer fancy is in a healthy state. There are

Mrs. Bosanquet still has one greyhound to dispose of; he is eighteen months old, beautifully bred, and is a fast and very good-looking dog. He is also trained to the house and is a delightful companion, so he fulfils the three requirements of a dog, being suitable for show, sport, or as a companion. Greyhounds are the most attractive and graceful of dogs, and make excellent pals. It can be seen how good looking this one is.

* * *

The schnauzer is one of the comparatively recent importations from abroad. He has made a place for himself and has many admirers. This year the K.C. awarded championship certificates to the breed, so the schnauzer fancy is in a healthy state. There are



CH. BRENDON BARBED WIRE

The property of Mrs. Adlam

First Thing Every Morning Drink Hot Water & Lemon

Flush Out "Acid Stomach" and
Intestinal Accumulations

Most of us suffer in some degree or other from acidity. Due to our sedentary habits, unnatural eating, excessive smoking and other abuses of health, too much acid forms in the stomach and the system. The excess acid causes acid-indigestion with gassy fullness, sourness and burning. It sets up putrefaction of the waste matter in the bowels, which in turn breeds poisons that are absorbed by the system and makes us dull, lazy, and headachy.

One of the best things you can do to reduce acidity and combat auto-intoxication is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This is a splendid way to clean out the stomach and intestines and make the whole digestive tract sweet and

clean. You can make the hot water and lemon doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder. This is a fine old natural alkaline-saline aperient that has been used for years to counteract acidity and the putrefactive processes in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

All chemists will supply you with Kutnow's Powder. Get about four ounces to start with and use it every morning for six or seven days. See the change it brings in your condition. You'll take a new interest in life. You'll be conscious of a new strength and energy and you'll be more eager for work and play. You'll sleep better at night. The whole world will look different to you because you'll be internally clean. If nothing else than for a test, get four ounces of Kutnow's Powder to-day at your chemist and begin taking it to-morrow morning.



The Sphinx and the Chephren Pyramid, Near Cairo.

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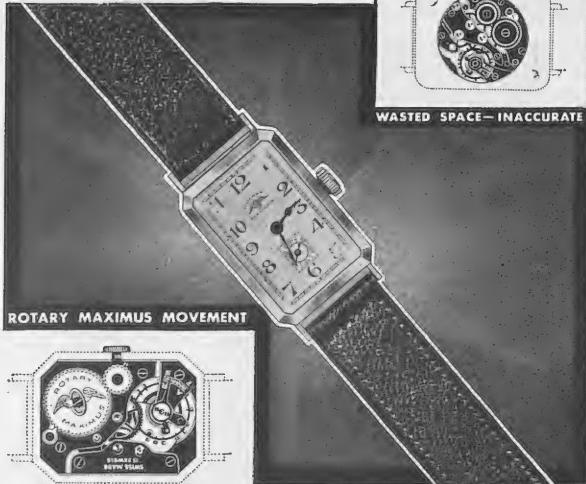
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Can run for 36 hours with one winding, owing to larger main-spring.

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You can subject the Rotary Maximus to any changes of temperature and weather. Extra large pivoted balance-spring ensures accurate timekeeping, alloy hair-spring magnetism. The new defies.

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The Rotary Maximus curves to fit the wrist snugly. It is slim, elegant, modern! See the various styles in both silver and gold at your jeweller's.

The watch illustrated is actual size. Price £4.15.0 Sterling Silver; £8.80 9-carat Gold; £11.10 18-carat Gold.

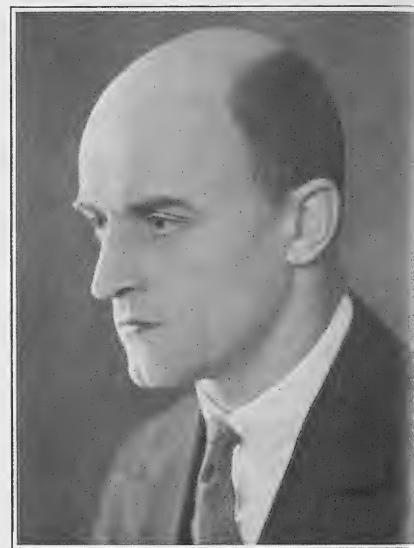
● WRITE TO-DAY for FREE ILLUSTRATED FOLDER

describing the Rotary Maximus principle and giving particulars of the various models. The name of your nearest Jeweller carrying Rotary Maximus watches will also be sent on request. Moise Dryfuss, Moorgate Station Chambers, London, E.C.2.

NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, urgently appeal for £12 to give temporary help to an ex-dressmaker who has broken down in health and can no longer earn. These are difficult times for "little dressmakers." This one made an honest living for many years whilst she had her sister working with her, but this woman got ill and is now in a mental hospital, though well enough to be employed in the needle-work room which keeps her cheerful and content. The elder one for whom we plead is 62. Bronchitis and asthma followed by heart trouble now prevent all further work, but she has been lucky enough to be accepted as a candidate for a city almshouse, and this carries a small pension with it; but it will be six months before there is a vacancy and in the meantime she is very frail and weak and has to be maintained. Please help us.

At a recent luncheon, Mr. Richard Haigh, the manager of the English branch of the Gramophone Company, delivered a most interesting speech regarding the company's activities. At the present time of national anxiety, any industrial enterprise which shows confidence in the present and immediate future is of an importance not easily to be over-estimated. Confidence begets confidence, and this, as is agreed on all sides, is of prime necessity now. The Gramophone Company are manifesting their faith in the stability of the country by embarking upon a production programme far greater than any in which they have hitherto engaged. The history of "His Master's Voice" is one of continual advance; and activities now covered by this, the most famous trade mark in the world, include not only gramophone and records, but radio-gramophones, wireless sets, loud speakers, and record-playing cabinets which turn wireless sets into radio-gramophones. In all, fourteen new models are being produced for the coming season, with prices ranging from a pound or two to 70 guineas. In the early months of this year, "His Master's Voice" development department were "given their head" without any trammels whatsoever. Their commission was to use research and experiment to the utmost of imagination with a view to the practical production of musical reproducers, whether radio or gramophone, or both combined, which, whilst embodying the latest discoveries in the sciences of acoustics and engineering, should cater for every purse requirement. As has been remarked, there were no trammels; but there was one condition: quality must be such as to do credit even to "His Master's Voice." Undoubtedly one of the most interesting features of many of the new models is that they will take a "charge" of eight records and play them straight through with automatic changing, thus obviating any need for the listener to move from his chair during the whole programme.



MR. RICHARD HAIGH

Manager of the English branch of the Gramophone Company. Mr. Haigh was known as Captain Haigh of The Tanks, and took the first British tank to America in the endeavour to get America's interest in the Great War

Big schemes are on foot, and will take definite shape next year, to further transform the residential districts of the West End of London. In addition to the amenities of large blocks of new flats a growing desire has been shown for the enjoyment of the latest innovation—the roof garden. Mr. Martin-Harvey, who has developed Berkeley Court, Baker Street, is a pioneer in this idea. He has proved how, in the midst of the roar of London's traffic, a noiseless and restful retreat perched on the top of nine storeys has been made possible. This garden in the skies has an area of an acre and a quarter. The art of the gardener has made it the daintiest oasis in all London, with grass lawns like velvet, groups of the choicest flowers, artistically fashioned parterres, and attractive arbours. Since the summer began, tea and croquet parties have been popular there, amidst surroundings which even the heart of the country could not excel. Visitors claim that the view from the garden is the most wonderful in London. On the southern side can be seen the Crystal Palace silhouetted on Sydenham Hill, some ten miles away. In the foreground and not far from the banks of the Thames, almost clustered together, are Buckingham Palace, Westminster Cathedral, the Houses of Parliament, and other historical and architectural masterpieces in stone, making a striking panorama. In the opposite direction the eye gazes on a very different though not less pleasing spectacle—the Northern Heights, standing in the midst of a broad expanse of the finest woodland scenery. "These roof gardens," said an architect engaged in the work, "are only in their infancy."

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Does a true stowaway
story interest you

Do you know what you
pay for at a big hotel

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"THE GENTLE ART OF SOCIAL CLIMBING," by C. Patrick Thompson and illustrated by John Austen, reviews with some satire how the aspiring climbers endeavour to crash into Society. . . . Highly amusing and all of it true!

Then, even if you have heard it before, the amazing story of THE DIAMOND NECKLACE, as described by Norman Hill and illustrated by F. Matania, R.I., makes delightful reading. The affair of the diamond necklace was one of those tremendous trifles which changed the course of European history.

When you touch fifty—sixty, does fear make you raise your foot? Your car reached this efficiency through the hazards of speed that somebody took. "THE TOLL OF SPEED," by Barré Lyndon, is a human review of what speed fever demands, and the deathly toll it has taken.

Better be sure than embarrassed.

In these days it is so easy to do the wrong thing in Dress. Madge Garland, the woman editor, gives pages of timely sound advice on dress for the Autumn.



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Eric Muspratt, the author of "My South Sea Island," writes "STOWAWAY." He writes: "This is my first real-life story since my book." "STOWAWAY" is fact. His fellow passengers on the "Rawalpindi" will confirm it. It is a gripping story.

Charles Graves in "THE £.S.D. OF HIGH LIFE" takes you behind the scenes in the big hotels and clubs of London. You may think the prices are high, but when you have read this account and seen the men who matter, you will know there's a good reason why.

THESE ARE BUT A FEW OF THE "HIGH SPOTS" IN THE SEPTEMBER

BRITANNIA AND EVE

NEW STYLE MAGAZINE



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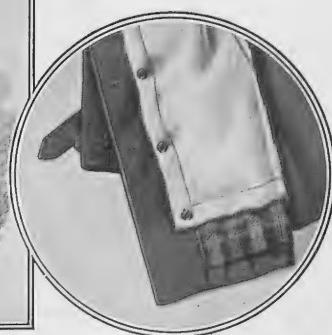
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Will Save You Many Guineas

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It's the gown you buy and seldom wear that is the really expensive gown. The hats, shoes, gloves which don't give satisfaction are the ones that cost you more than you can afford.

Therefore Vogue suggests that before you spend a single penny on clothes, before you even plan your wardrobe for the coming season, you consult its first autumn number, out to-day.

If you study it carefully, if you buy your clothes —no matter how few—by Vogue's advice, you can look smart in an outfit costing a few guineas, while less well-informed women are frumpish in hundreds of pounds worth of mink and pearls.



Schiaparelli coat
Illustration copy-right Vogue

Vogue

Important features in the current issue

Fashion tendencies throughout the day, as shown by the Paris Openings • New autumn fabrics, particularly Scottish woollens • Your first autumn coat • New hats • Wearable—and durable—furs by English designers • Clothes for the older woman who lives in the country • "Smart Fashions for Limited Incomes" include inexpensive school clothes for next term's wardrobe • Dress wisdom for the impecunious • Seven new Couturier Patterns, Vogue's latest designs for the expert needlewoman, rushed from Paris at top speed.

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Picture by Blake.

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- X.—CHILPRUFE FOR CHILDREN.

MATERNITY FROCKS

The new collection of Maternity Frocks and Coats for autumn wear is now on view at the Treasure Cot showrooms. Each model is fitted with a simple adjustment which can be expanded by the wearer as required.

Model 624

This smart and becoming Maternity Frock is made in Crêpe Arthur and has a vest with contrasting sides of Crêpe Suade. Brown, Bottle, Navy, Saxe, Rouge and Black.

£3.10.6

In Crêpe-de-Chine.
£4.14.6

Customers may order by post with confidence.



TREASURE COT COMPANY, LIMITED

Telephone : Gerrard 4951

Specialists in Everything for Mothers, Babies & Children (Dep. J.T.58), 103, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1
(Nearly opposite Bourne and Hollingsworth's)

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*"I heard of them first
at the Vicarage"*

"—forget just how it started—

something one of the Henderson girls said about stockingless tennis, I think. Anyway, then someone began raving about Aristoc—how nice they were and how marvellously they lasted and so on. So next time, I remembered and got Aristoc myself—these I'm wearing—and they really are quite remarkable . . . Well, these were 8/11 and they're just what I want."

Clear, fine silk. Full-fashioned. Wide yet close-fitting tops. Continental foot with no chafing side seams. Tapered-in, stepped-in toe with reinforcement over toe-joint. Dyes that don't fade. Aristoc Stockings are made in Nottingham.

4/11 TO 12/6



Aristoc

THE ARISTOCRAT OF SILK STOCKINGS

Sale Distributors to the Trade for the British Isles:

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GIRLS' SCHOOL KIT

Important price revisions—cheapening the cost of Girls' School Kit—are of interest to all parents to-day.

Write for a copy of "Girls' School Kit," in which current prices are extraordinarily low for garments of such distinction.

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is the highest perfection for making the face eyes, neck, chin, nose, ears, lips, painlessly and permanently beautiful. The Method is the outcome of twenty years' scientific research work based on 10,000 successful cases, and is exclusively practised by the inventor, a highly-skilled and experienced Continental Specialist.

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Pupils prepared for Entrance and Scholarships to all
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Diplomas. A very high standard attained in FRENCH,
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Posed by Miss Nora Swinburne.

Photo by Lenore.

TANTIVY II.—A delightful new soft Bowler for Riding or Country wear. Can be folded into a pocket. And also with edge bound Petersham as small sketch. Price 35/6



By Appointment.

ROBERT HEATH
LIMITED
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By Appointment.

THE 'CORSLO CROISETTE' FOR FULL FIGURES

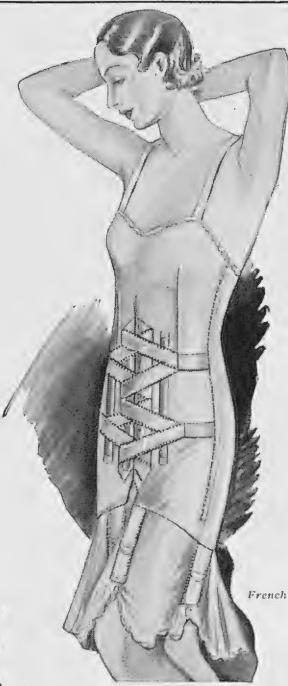
The Model illustrated shows a combined garment which our Corsetière has designed not only to support both abdomen and diaphragm but also to mould the figure to a slimming line. The strappings can be adjusted to suit any full figure according to the support required, and can be adapted, if necessary, to give special abdominal support after an operation. Our Corsetière will gladly demonstrate the advantages of our "Corslo Croisette" at any time. In Cotton Tricot. Measurements required when ordering: bust, waist and hips.

4½ Gns.

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Sent on approval.

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The Corslo Novelties are obtainable
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Autumn Coats in SMART NEW TWEEDS . . .



. . . READY-TO-WEAR !

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Autumn coats were never smarter and Nicoll tailoring never more superb.

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Brown and beige Tweed, loosely interwoven to form herring-bone effect. Marmot collar, wide revers and new cuffs. £6.0.0

STET

Smart blue and beige diagonal Tweed, trimmed with large collar of brown caracul lamb. £6.10.0

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"TAILORS SINCE THE REGENCY"

Crêpe-de-Chine
Nightdress and
Coatee . . .



Nightdress in crêpe-de-chine, Empire effect with dainty ecru colour lace inserted and spotted net on shoulders, also narrow double net frill round neck, armholes and skirt.

Length from shoulder ... 52 ins.

Dressing jacket to match with long inset sleeves. Colours: White, pink, peach, sky, apricot, green.

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LLAMOVEL Coats that will delight you . . .

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Established in 1787 the firm's experience and reputation really mean much to you to-day.

Studiously correct in every detail—"Verapa" is the ideal comfortwear for all seasons and occasions.

Ladies' and Children's combinations, knickers, vests, spencers, etc., stocked by the best stores and Ladies' Outfitters.

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Write the makers in case of difficulty in obtaining

In all qualities of Pure Wool, Silk and Wool, Spun Silk, Pure Silk, Cashmere and Silk, Angora and Silk, Silk and Merino, and Merino.

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Flaky curds-
extra-small
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easy for Baby to digest

Happy contentment when Baby is fed on Lactogen. It does him good—and he seems to know it. He's happy and satisfied. Lactogen is pure, fresh, full-cream, modified dried milk, with extra cream and natural milk sugar added, dried and made, in all important respects, exactly like breast milk.

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Lactogen may be given as an alternative feed or as Baby's sole food. Even the most delicate babies thrive on Lactogen from birth.

"Lactogen is the better milk for Baby," Doctors and Nurses have proved in thousands of cases. That's why they now tell Mothers "Put Baby on Lactogen."



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Lactogen is a Nestlé's Product and is obtainable in all countries

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Are you satisfied with what your mirror reflects? Does it show a skin clear, healthy and beautiful? Consistent use of Cuticura assures you such a satisfying reflection. Cuticura Soap is cleansing and antiseptic; Cuticura Ointment keeps the skin soft and smooth and the scalp healthy; Cuticura Talcum imparts a dainty and refreshing fragrance.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d. Sold at all chemists. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1. Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.





They'll be glad of Chilprufe at School

Not only does its remarkably smooth and elastic texture save all discomforts on the most eventful days, but wearers and parents gain from Chilprufe's thoroughness of manufacture. At the Michaelmas term, when serious results from chill *must* be guarded against, Chilprufe Pure Wool is equally effective in all weather changes.

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Have you to provide for youngsters *under* school-age? They can have nothing more cosy, beautiful or protective than Chilprufe, specially processed against roughness or possible harm in washing. Buttons, tapes and so on are very firmly applied—Chilprufe is as nearly trouble-free as kiddies' things can possibly be.

For school-goers and those at home, for the daytime and sleeping needs of infant, boy or girl, you will find Chilprufe practical and our stock of it comprehensive.

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see 'fitu' superforms in the
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new store from
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TANGEE



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JARDIN DES MODES of PARIS, greatest French fashion magazine, says: "Flashy, glaring lips can ruin the prettiest and most expensive ensemble. The Fashion this season is individual, romantic and feminine. TANGEE well answers these requirements, because it blends with your individual, natural colouring."



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TANGEE, the world's most famous Lipstick, 4/6. Natural! Permanent! Non-Greasy!

To match TANGEE Lipstick! The same natural colour in Rouge Compact, 3/6. Crème Rouge, 4/6. Face Powder, matches the natural skin tones, 4/6. Night Cream, cleanses and nourishes, 4/6. Day Cream, protects the skin, 4/6. Cosmetic, a new "mascara," will not smart, 4/6



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Mounted on resilient "Cee" Springs with easy running Ball-bearing Wheels and Rubber Sponge-pneumatic Tyres. Fitted with uncrackable Rubber Duck Hood and Apron with Storm Screen, Nickel-plated fittings, Safety Strap and Brake. Distinctive in design and pleasing in finish.

Carriage Paid in Great Britain.

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CLIMATE: Forres is the Scottish Riviera. MORNING: On the famous FINCHMORE GOLF, fine 18-hole course. TENNIS: Hotel's private court. MOTORING: wonderful roads. WALKS: the most exquisite river scenery in Scotland.

* THE HOTEL: First-class cooking, fresh fruit and vegetables from Hotel garden. Fine cellar. Comfortable bedrooms and—COURTESY.

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Proprietors: M. & L. MacIntyre

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SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

"I am absolutely delighted with the result, which is, to my mind, perfectly wonderful. After having tried other things which were of no use whatsoever, I am now quite satisfied, completely fed up. I think this treatment of yours a perfect revelation, and I am even so pleased with it.... This can extend from one to twelve weeks, with many others, may be seen at my office."



completely effaces Superfluous Hair. It is a carefully prepared mixture of various ingredients, is easy to use, non-injurious and permanently effective.

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Eau de Parfume
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DARK or FAIR—
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"Ladye Jayne"
HAIRPINS and GRIPS

Smooth Velvet Finish.

A Pin for every style of Hairdressing. For the ordinary Grips ask for Hairpins, ask for "Little Giant" "Pixie" Brand or "Pixie" Brand on 2d. in 2d. packets. Cards.

The Sports Girl or Active Woman should ask for the new 8 Point Grip (3d. Cards). From Hairdressers and Stores including Boots Ltd.



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Price 3 Gns.

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first show of 'fitu' superforms
essential for the victorian
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THOUGHTFUL parents who recognise the advantages of a specialised schoolwear service, invariably bring their children to Daniel Neal. Here they know instinctively that every item will be correct in style and detail. They appreciate, too, the economy of a thoroughly trustworthy standard of quality. Daniel Neal are the official outfitters to over 450 schools—a fitting tribute to a unique service.



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No. G638. All-wool navy nap coat. All-round belt and stitched inverted pleat at back. Half-lined and sleeves lined. Price (for length 24 ins.)

36/3
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41/-
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Nos. A306/307. Boys' double-breasted overcoats in an excellent quality velour in medium grey and navy, also navy nap. Sizes 2 to 7 (5 to 12 years) are as illustrated, with seamed back and vent and button 2 show 2; sizes 8 to 14 (13 to 19 years) are in the same style with a slightly more defined waist and button 2 show 3. Lined throughout. Extra turns. Price (for size 2)

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No. 765. Girl's Shoe in Black Box Calf or Tan Willow Calf. Leather sole. In slender and normal fittings, sizes 2 to 7.

Black 19/6 21/-
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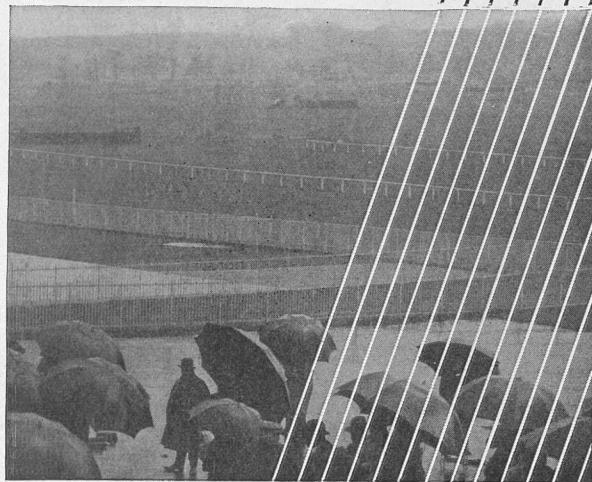
Clothing is available at Portman Sq. and Kensington only. Footwear at all three shops.

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flooded
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A bad day for the race, you may mutter to the next man, meaning the human race. Such damp, depressing weather must excuse so old a wetticism. But however soaked the course and the concourse, you will be bone dry beneath your Dexter. Its non-rubber proofing sees to that. And at any leading outfitter's you may now see for yourself how well a Dexter combines a decent cut with absolute protection.

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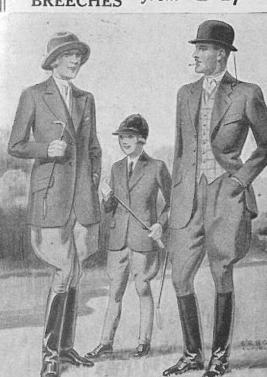
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ECONOMIZE ON YOUR RIDING OUTFIT

Our charges mean a big saving

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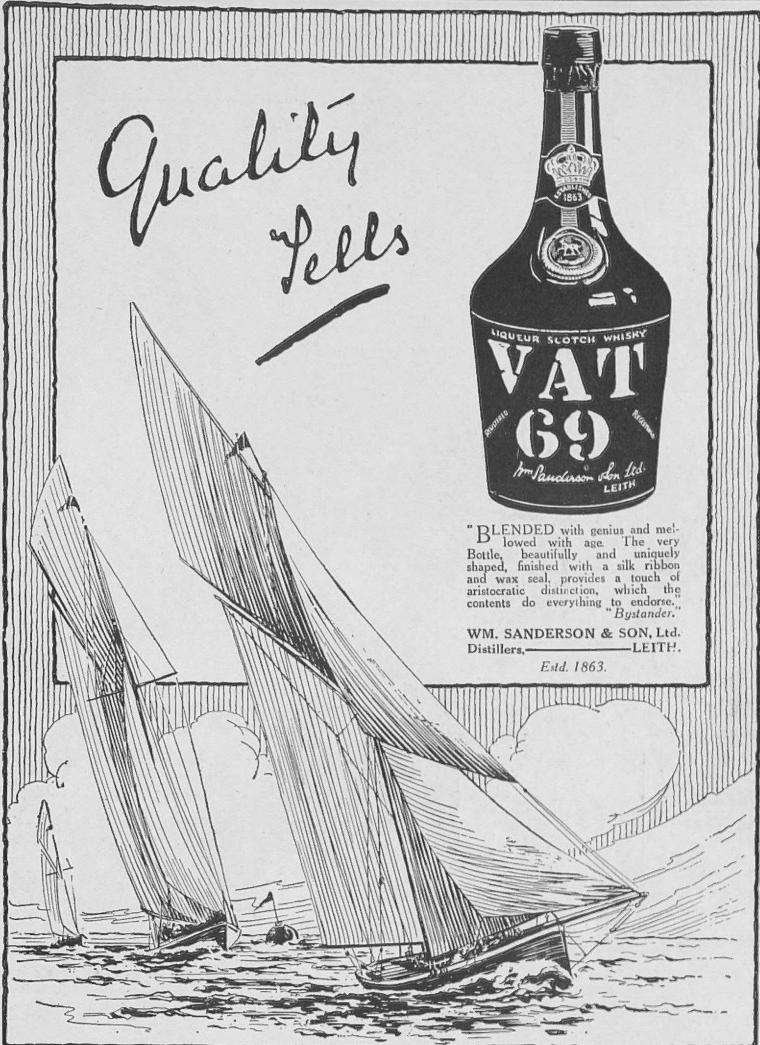
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Riding Breeches
Co.**
E. TURNER LTD.

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One Minute's Walk from the Marble Arch.



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"BLENDED with genius and melted with care. The very Bottle, beautifully and uniquely shaped, finished with a silk ribbon and wax seal, provides a touch of aristocratic distinction, which the contents do everything to endorse." "By Sanderson."

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Distillers, LEITH.

Estd. 1863.

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For real peace and quiet, and every modern comfort, choose the Royal Victoria on England's sunny south coast. Passenger lift to all floors. Hot and cold water in 100 bedrooms; also private suites. Good English food. Vintage wines. Famous chef. Delightful sun courts. From 4½ Gns., inclusive.

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FIRST CLASS LEADING HOTEL
Sea Views. Exclusive Menu. Choicest Wines. Orchestra.

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Promenade. Accommodation for 200 Visitors. (Temperance). Lounge, Writing and Recreation Rooms.

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RACING EQUIPMENT, Racing Colours, N.H. Steeplechase Jerseys and Helmets, Whips, Saddles, Horse Clothing, etc., all at West End Prices.

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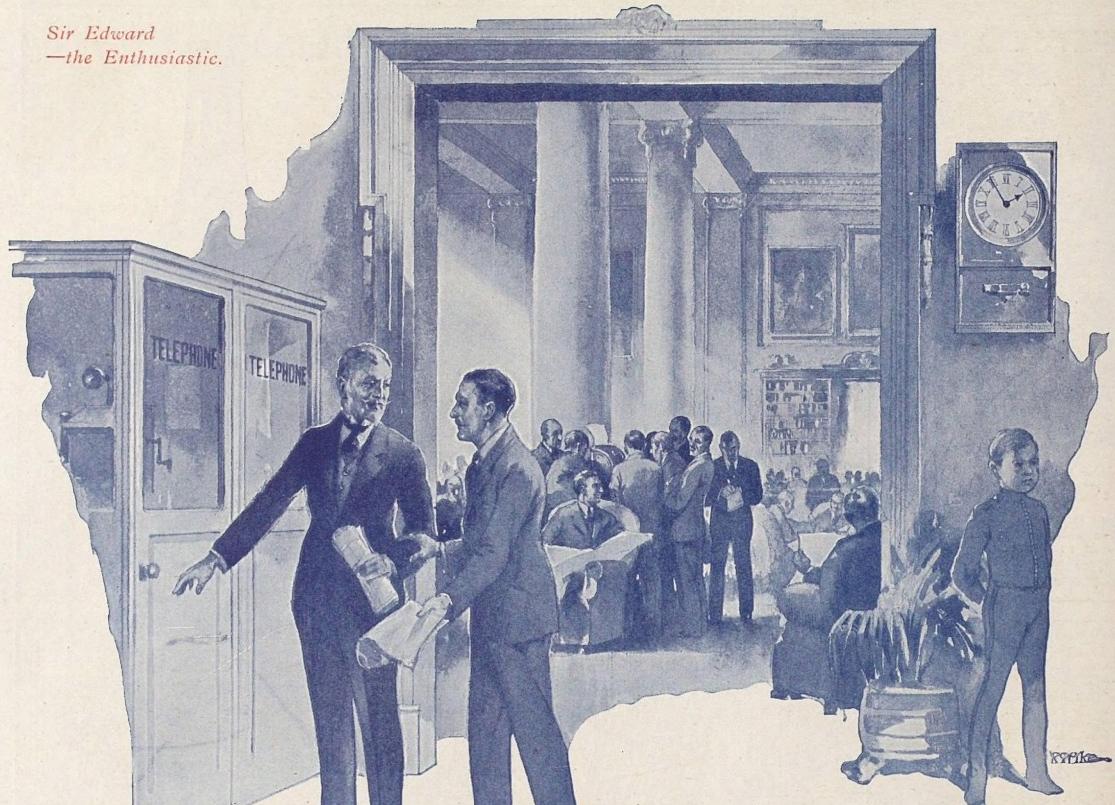
AN IDEAL POWDER BASE

CLEANSES THE SKIN AND BEAUTIFIES THE FACE

SCHERK (London) Ltd., Grove Park, S.E. 12

MISS BENSON of Barn Ridge, South Nutfield, Surrey, most highly recommends Kathleen Rands who has been her Kennel Maid for the last 18 months and now wishes employment as a Canine Nurse or Kennel Maid. Holds Canine Certificate, 5 years' experience in Kennel work. Apply: Miss RANDS, Barn Ridge, South Nutfield, Surrey.

*Sir Edward
—the Enthusiastic.*



**"I lost the argument,
but won the money."**

Sir Edward : "If I understand you correctly, you telegraphed £50 each way THE MACNAB, which won at 100/7, and forgot to sign the telegram."

Freddy : "That's so; but seeing it was only a careless slip on my part I fully thought I was entitled to be credited with the winnings."

Sir Edward : "To be quite candid, I thoroughly disagree with you. Surely you cannot expect to penalise your bookmaker for what you admit was your own carelessness. Suppose the horse had lost, you couldn't have been charged."

Freddy : "But, hang it all, it seemed dashed hard lines. I don't often back such a nice winner. Imagine my disappointment."

Sir Edward : "Only natural; anyhow, what happened subsequently?"

Freddy : "Oh, we agreed to leave it to a third party. I was even allowed to choose my own arbitrator, so I asked Bob to decide it. He said I hadn't a leg to stand on, and almost told me it was even a presumption on my part to consider I had any claim."

Sir Edward : "So that ended the matter."

Freddy : "No, not by a long way. I certainly lost the argument, but imagine my surprise when I received a cheque in full settlement Monday morning, with a most courteous letter, politely rapping me over the knuckles and advising me to be more careful in future."

Sir Edward : "You must have a most generous agent; who is he?"

Freddy : "Why, 'Duggie,' of course! Don't you remember recommending him to me?"

Sir Edward : "Oh! So I did! Come to think of it, no one but 'Duggie' would have treated you so well. That's why I'm so enthusiastic about him."

*Follow Sir Edward's advice—
Write a personal note to
'Duggie' now, and become
an equally enthusiastic client.*

Douglas Stuart

"Stuart House," Shaftesbury Avenue, London.